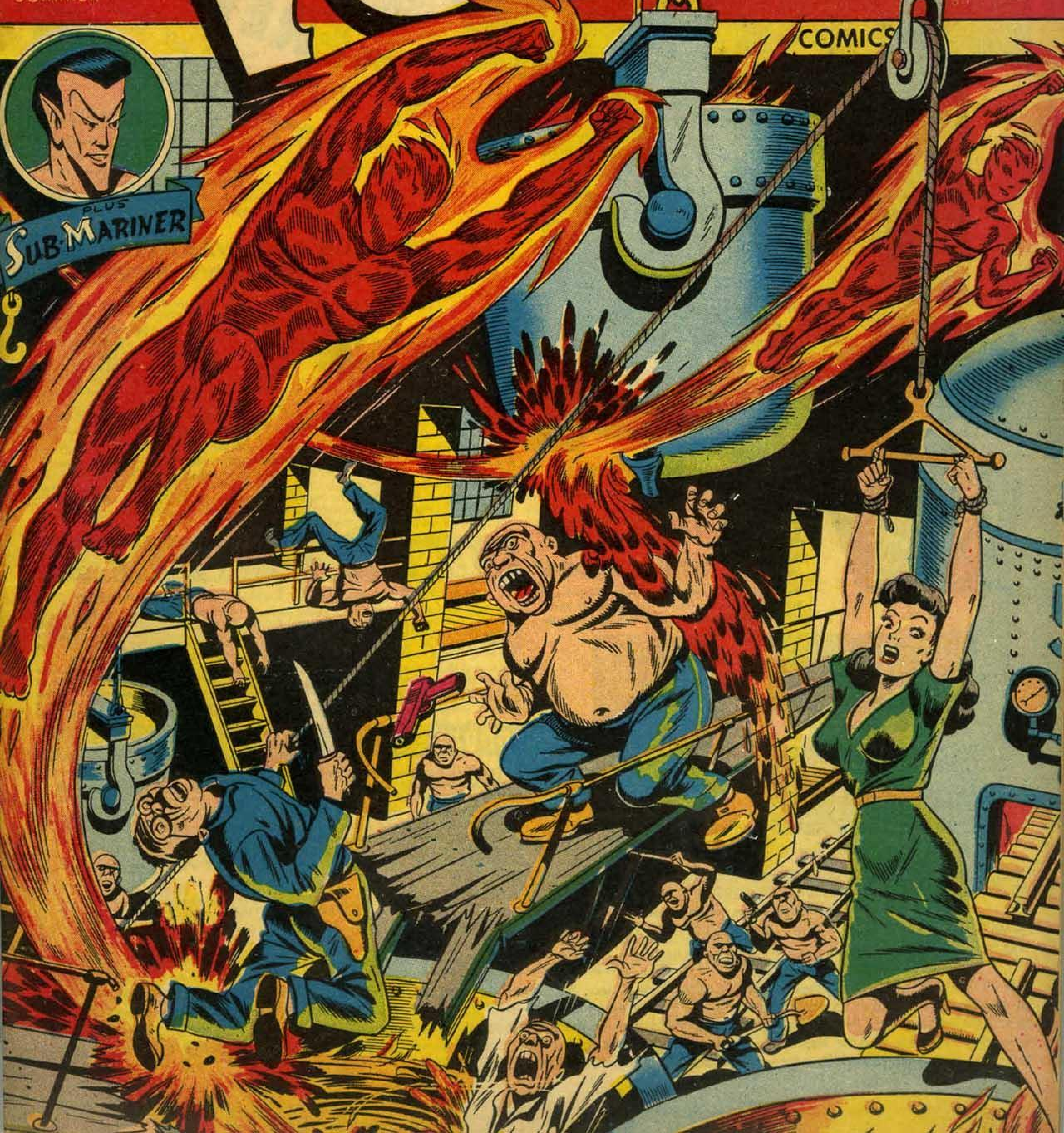
THE HUMAN TORCH

COMICS

NO. 19

SUMMER

10¢


PLUS
SUB-MARINER

THE HUMAN TORCH

NO. 19

SUMMER

10¢

COMICS

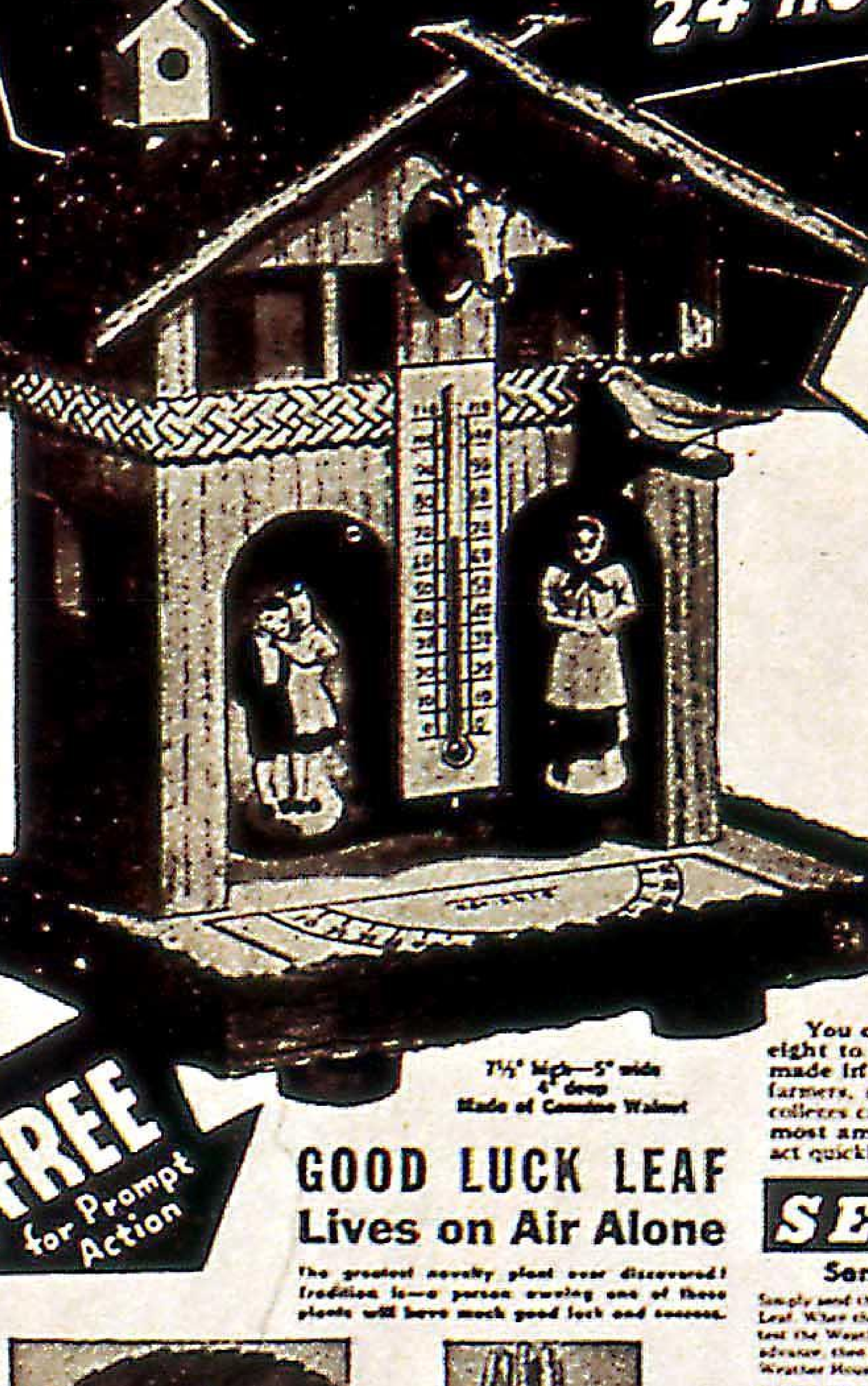
SUB MARINER

OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE

READ ALL ABOUT THE "SWISS" WEATHER HOUSE AND **FREE** GIFT OFFER IF YOU ACT AT ONCE



7½" high—5" wide
4" deep
Made of Genuine Walnut

FREE for Prompt Action

IMPORTANT!

This is not a cheap, undependable storm glass. The Weatherman Weather House is the original "Swiss" Weather House which actually tells you the weather in advance. Beware of Imitations.

BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN—
YOU'LL KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY

Why pay $5 or $10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature.

You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, house wives, teachers, farmers, school children, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. You must act quickly—prices may rise.

GOOD LUCK LEAF
Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered! Tradition is—a person owning one of these plants will have much good luck and success.

AS YOU RECEIVE IT

AS IT GROWS FOR YOU

EACH TINY PLANT PRODUCES THIS

[illegible] for prompt action. It will grow in your room pinned to the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant at every notch. The small plants may be detached and potted if desired. When planted in earth, it grows two feet tall and blooms beautifully. The blooms may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years. This plant is being studied by some of our leading Universities and is rating very high in plant evolution.

HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

"My neighbors now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. We certainly think the Weather House is marvelous." Mrs. I. S., Amsterdam, Ohio.

"Please send 6 more Weather Houses. I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful."
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"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful."
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SEND NO MONEY

Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Simply send the FREE Gift Offer coupon below for your "Swiss" Weather House and free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive just deposit through your Postman $1.69 (your total cost), plus postage. Then test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly.

Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only $1.69 C.O.D. You must act now to secure this price.

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

The Weather Man, Dept. MH
25 East Madison Street,
Chicago, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman $1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the weather house for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose $1.69. You Pay Postage. Two for $2.98.

Name..
(Please print plainly)
Address..
City..State..............

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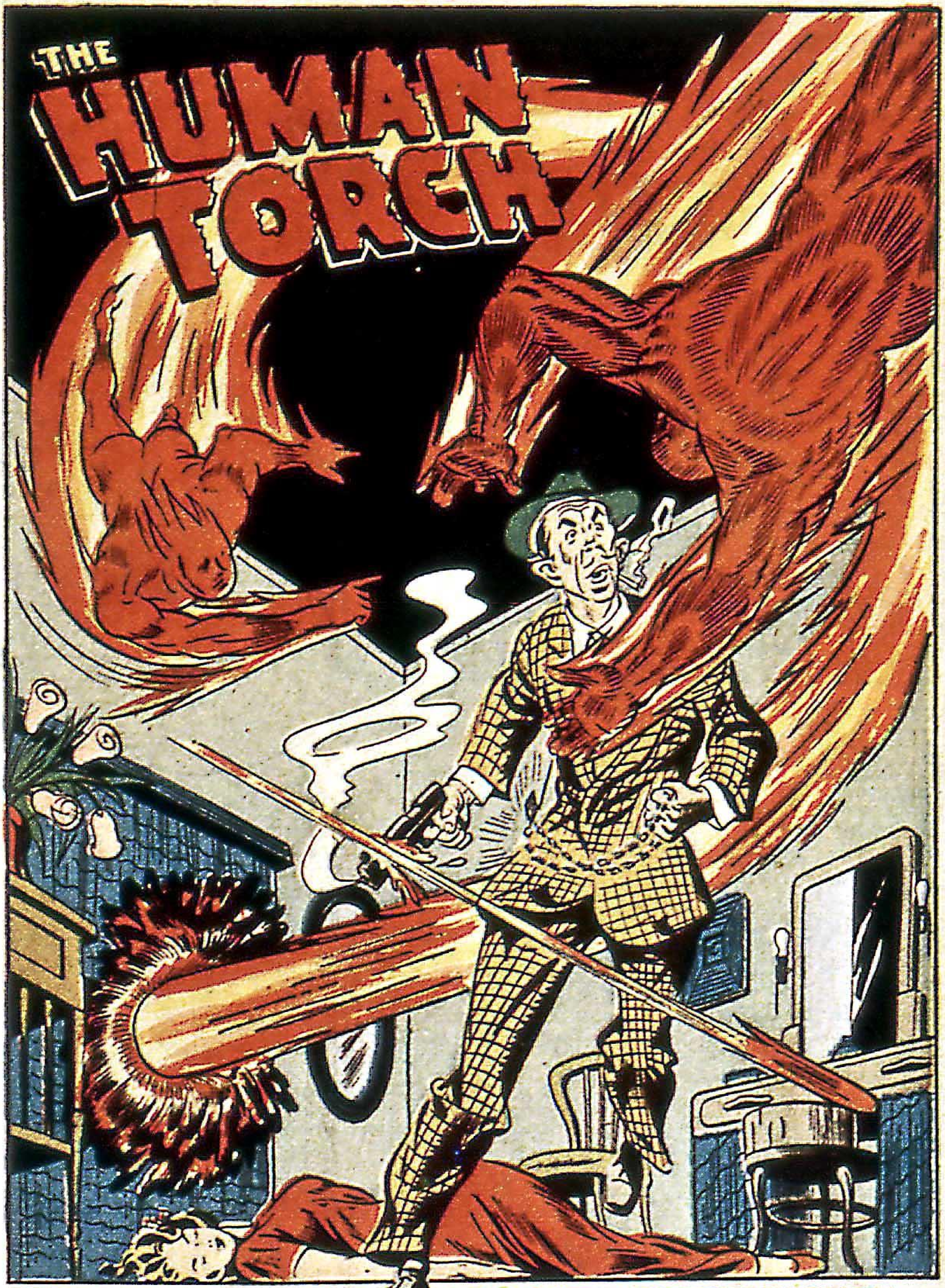


BEHIND THE GLITTERING FACADE OF THE THEATER LURKED THE MYSTERY OF A WOMAN'S PAST... AND OF ONE MAN WHO KNEW IT! THERE IN LIES A STORY FRAUGHT WITH DANGER, UNHAPPINESS, HEART BREAK, DEATH! TORCH AND HIS PAL TORO FOLLOW A TWISTED TRAIL OF TERROR TO FIND THE...

"BLACKMAILER OF DEATH"

A STAR'S DRESSING ROOM IN THE RELASCO THEATER...
ALL RIGHT, I'LL PAY! I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED! YOU'LL GET THE MONEY IN THE MORNING! NOW, GET OUT!
OKAY, BABY! BUT REMEMBER... PLAY IT STRAIGHT! NO TRICKS, OR ELSE!
REMEMBER, BABY, TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS BY TOMORROW MORNING!
YOU'LL GET IT!
and AFTER THE GANGSTER LEAVES...
TORCH? RITA WORTH, SPEAKING! I'M AT THE RELASCO THEATER! LISTEN! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!
THAT DOUBLE CROSSING....!
RITA
I'M BEING BLACKMAILED! I AM--- MOKE... NO... MOKE! NO!
PLEASE ----- AGHHHH!
RITA, ANSWER ME! RITA! RITA!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, TORCH?
THAT WAS RITA WORTH! SHE WAS TELLING ME SHE WAS BEING BLACKMAILED WHEN SUDDENLY I HEARD SHOTS AND A SCREAM!
SOMETHING'S WRONG AND WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT, HURRY!
SOUNDS LIKE MURDER!
WHO IS RITA WORTH?
SHE'S A GREAT MUSICAL COMEDY STAR! STARRING IN "HERE COME THE BOYS," AT THE RELASCO THEATER!
THERE'S THE THEATER!
THE CALL CAME FROM THE DRESSING ROOM!
RELASCO
HERE COME THE BOYS
RITA WORTH
"HERE COME THE BOYS"
BUS STOP
IS THAT RITA?
YES! AND SHE'S DEAD!

AFTER CLEARING THE ROOM OF MEMBERS OF THE CAST, THE DUO SEARCH THE ROOM FOR CLUES... SUDDENLY... THE DOOR OPENS and---
WHA-? RITA! RITA!
HEY! WHO IS HE?
WHO DID THIS?
I DON'T KNOW..YET! PERHAPS YOU CAN THROW SOME LIGHT ON THIS TRAGEDY!
IT MUST HAVE BEEN THAT SNAKE WHO WAS BLACKMAILING HER! SHE WAS GOING TO PAY! WHY DID HE KILL HER?
BECAUSE SHE CALLED ME! HE OVERHEARD HER! WHO IS HE AND WHAT DID HE HAVE ON HER?
SHE WOULDN'T NAME HIM, BUT HER FATHER'S IN PRISON FOR MURDER AND THIS FELLOW KNEW IT! IT HAPPENED WHEN RITA WAS A SMALL GIRL! AFTER THE TRIAL SHE CHANGED HER NAME AND WHEN SHE WAS OLDER WENT ON THE STAGE!
I SUPPOSE THE BLACKMAILER FOUND OUT AND THREATENED TO REVEAL IT, GIVE HER A LOT OF BAD PUBLICITY! BUT HER REAL NAME?
SHE WOULDN'T SAY, I LOVED HER TOO MUCH TO PRY!
H'MM! DO YOU SUPPOSE THE BLACKMAILER THINKS YOU KNOW MORE THAN YOU REALLY DO?
I GUESS SO! HE MUST HAVE KNOWN WE WERE ENGAGED! WHY?

JUST A THOUGHT! YOU'D BETTER GO HOME...YOU CAN DO NOTHING FURTHER HERE!
WHY THE DEAD PAN, TORCH?
DID IT OCCUR TO YOU, THAT BESIDES US, DANNY'S THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNOWS THE MOTIVE FOR THIS MURDER!
DANNY'S LIFE IS IN DANGER! I'VE A HUNCH THE KILLER WILL TRY TO ELIMINATE HIM! LET'S GO!
I GET IT! AND I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
THE PAIR FOLLOW DANNY HOME...
YOUR HUNCH'S PANNED OUT! THUG TROUBLE BELOW!
SO, I SEE! DUCK, DANNY!
TORCH!
5

HE'S RUNNING!
AFTER HIM!
BUT AT A CROSS-ALLEY, THE DUO LOSE SIGHT OF THEIR QUARRY...
HE'S GONE! I WONDER WHICH WAY HE WENT, TORCH?
WE'LL SPLIT...YOU TRY THE LEFT, I'LL TAKE THE RIGHT!
BUT THE CLEVER KILLER WAITS...
NOW WHERE? WHOOF!! GURBLE!
OOOOOOOOO.....
LOOKING FOR SOMEONE?
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
IS THIS HOW YOU CHASE THAT KILLER?
I FOUND HIM, DIDN'T I? OHHH, MY HEAD!
NOW WHAT?
WE'LL TRACE HIM THRU RITA'S FATHER! BUT FIRST TO GET DANNY TO A SAFE PLACE! THE KILLER MIGHT TAKE ANOTHER CRACK AT HIM!

THE DUO ESCORT DANNY TO THE POLICE STATION...
YOU'LL BE SAFE NOW, DANNY! SAY CHIEF D'YOU KNOW RITA WORTH'S REAL NAME?
NOPE! AND NONE OF HER FRIENDS SEEM TO KNOW!
LOOK, CHIEF, HER FATHER KILLED A MAN YEARS AGO, WOULDN'T YOU HAVE SOME RECORD OF THE FAMILY!
YES! WE TAKE FINGERPRINTS OF THE ENTIRE FAMILY OF ANY CONVICTED PERSON!
SWELL! THEN BY CHECKING HER PRINTS AGAINST YOUR FILES, WE'LL GET HER REAL NAME AND WE'LL KNOW WHERE TO FIND HER FATHER!
THAT'S RIGHT! WE'LL DO IT!
LATER, IN THE FILE ROOM...
HERE IT IS! HER NAME WAS COLLEEN O'SHEA, AND HER FATHER IS DOING LIFE AT ROCKY MOUNTAIN PENITENTIARY!
THAT WAS QUICK WORK! WE'LL PAY HIM A VISIT!
LATER, OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN PRISON...
THAT'S IT!
WE'LL STOP AT THE WARDEN'S OFFICE! WE'LL NEED PERMISSION TO SEE O'SHEA!
THE WARDEN'S OFFICE...
TORCH WANTS TO SEE O'SHEA, FRANK!
THANKS, WARDEN!
O'SHEA'S CELL...
MY LITTLE COLLEEN DEAD? ONLY ONE MAN COULD HAVE KNOWN ENOUGH TO BLACK-MAIL HER! IF I COULD ONLY GET OUT!
TELL ME WHO, O'SHEA! I'LL GET HIM FOR YOU! I PROMISE!

MOKE SLADE! HE WAS MY CELL MATE! ONE NIGHT FROM THE LONELY HEART'O ME, I TOLD HIM! GET HIM FOR ME! HE HANGS OUT AT THE BLACK ACE CAFE!
C'MON, TORO!
WHAT'S THIS BLACK ACE CAFE?
A GANG NEST IN MID-TOWN, TORO! AND IT'S PLENTY TOUGH!
THE BLACK ACE...
DO WE HIT IT?
AS HARD AS WE CAN!
BLACK ACE
THE DUO FLAME INTO THE PACKED HANG-OUT!
HEY! IT'S DE TORCH!
AWK!
MOW 'EM DOWN!

I WANT MOKE SLADE! WHERE IS HE?
I DON'T KNOW! AND IF I DID.....
YOU WOULDN'T TELL? PERHAPS THIS....?
OWWWW! I'LL TALK! HE'S GOT ROOM 205 AT 34 KERRY STREET!
THAT'S BETTER! C'MON, TORO!
OOWWW!
THIS IS IT, TORO! WERE NEARING THE END OF THE TRAIL!
IT'S THAT LAST DOOR, TORO!
205

THE RED-HOT TERRORS... ATTACK...
THIS IS IT, MOKE!
YOU??
THINK YOU CAN KILL AND GET AWAY WITH IT, 'EH, MOKE?
YEAH!
AND THIS IS HOW!
WATCH HIM, KID! DON'T LET HIM...
MOKE GAINS THE WINDOW SILL...
IT'S TOO LATE! I'M MOKE, SEE? THAT'S ME! SO LONG, SUCKERS!
MOKE LEAPS... BUT...
A-E-HHHHH!
MISSED IT!
I GUESS THAT AVENGES THE DEATH OF RITA WORTH!
YES! LIKE ALL EVIL CREATURES THAT SOW DEATH! MOKE SLADE REAPED IT!
THE END

THE HUMAN TORCH
Vs. The "CHAMBER of HORRORS"

TORCH AND TORO TAKE LEAVE OF THE F.B.I. CHIEF AFTER THE SUCCESSFUL CONCLUSION OF AN EXCITING CASE . . .
THANKS AGAIN! YOU BOTH SHOULD TAKE A VACATION AFTER WHAT YOU WENT THROUGH!
WE CAN USE ONE AND INTEND TO GO FISHING FOR A WHOLE MONTH!
F.B.
BUT IT IS NOT DESTINED THAT TORCH OR TORO GET THAT WELL EARNED VACATION! BECAUSE AS THEY TURN A CORNER OF THE CORRIDOR - - - -
WHAT THE? SOMEONE CONKED THE MAILMAN!
THERE HE GOES DOWN THE STAIRS!
UNSEEN, ANOTHER FIGURE DARTS AWAY AS TORCH ATTACKS . .
FUNNY ABOUT THIS THUG TAKING ONLY ONE LETTER FROM THE MAILMAN'S POUCH!
YE-OW! OUCH!
TORO IN HIS EAGERNESS TO CAPTURE THE ATTACKER, GETS TOO CLOSE AND SETS THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER AFIRE . .
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, TORO? DESTROY THE EVIDENCE?
I GOT HIM, TORCH! DID YOU SAVE THE LETTER?
YES! ONLY IT ISN'T A LETTER BUT A POST CARD! AND IT'S ADDRESSED TO THE F.B.I.!
SEE THE WONDERS OF MARINE LIFE THROUGH THE GLASS BOTTOM OF THE "SEA NYMPH" ENJOY A PLEASANT SEA EXCURSION THAT IS BOTH ENTERTAINING AND EDUCATIONAL --- BOAT LEAVES PIER 6 -- EACH DAY AT 3 P.M. ADM... $2.00
SUDDENLY, TORO MAKES A PUZZLING DISCOVERY.
DON'T HIT ME! I SWEAR I'M TELLING THE TRUTH! SOME MAN I DON'T KNOW OFFERED ME A HUNDRED DOLLARS IF I'D GET THAT CARD FROM THE MAILMAN'S POUCH!
A LIKELY STORY! WHERE IS THIS UNKNOWN MAN?
HEY, TORCH! LOOK AT THE POST MARK!

RIO, EH? NOW WHO WOULD SEND AN AD FROM WAY DOWN THERE TO THE F.B.I.? WHY WOULD SOMEONE BE INTERESTED IN SEEING THAT IT WASN'T RECEIVED?
TORCH SEEKS THE ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE BY TURNING THEIR CAPTIVE OVER TO THE F.B.I. CHIEF . . .
CAN'T GET ANYTHING MORE OUT OF HIM THAN YOU DID, TORCH! I SENT THE CARD DOWN FOR A CHECK-OVER! PERHAPS IT WILL REVEAL SOMETHING!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE REPORT COMES IN . . .
GREAT CAESER! YOU MEAN SUMMERS SENT US THAT CARD!
YES, CHIEF! IT'S HIS HANDWRITING! HE WAS ASSIGNED TO THE DIAMOND SMUGGLING CASE!
GOOD GRIEF! THAT EXPLAINS SUMMER'S BODY BEING FOUND IN RIO!
HE SOMEHOW MANAGED TO MAIL THAT CARD BEFORE HE WAS KILLED DOWN THERE BY THE SMUGGLERS!
IT WAS SUMMER'S WAY OF LETTING YOU KNOW THAT THE EXCURSION BOAT "THE SEA NYMPH" WAS A CLUE!
BY JOVE, TORCH, YOU'RE RIGHT! OH, SIMPSON, CHECK ON THIS "SEA NYMPH" IMMEDIATELY!
MOMENTS LATER! AS THE NEWEST REPORT COMES IN . . .
HMN? THE SEA NYMPH OPERATES OUT OF KEY WEST, EH? OKAY! GET FLORIDA HEADQUARTERS ON THE PHONE. WHAT IN ---!
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, CHIEF!

THIS IS OUR CASE! WE STARTED IT AN' WE'LL SEE IT THROUGH!
GOOD LUCK! I'LL NOTIFY FLORIDA HEADQUARTERS YOU'RE ON THE JOB DOWN THERE!
SO LONG!
AFTER FLAMING FROM WASHINGTON TO KEY WEST, WE FIND TORCH AND TORO AMONG THE MANY PASSENGERS ABOARD THE "SEA NYMPH", AS IT DROPS ANCHOR, TWO HOURS OUT AT SEA . . .
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! YOU WILL NOW BEHOLD THE WONDERS OF MARINE LIFE THROUGH THE GLASS BOTTOM!
THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND, TORO!
MINUTES LATER, BELOW DECK . .
DARCY'LL GO DOWN IN THE DIVING SUIT! YOU TWO'LL GO DOWN IN THE DIVING BELL! IF YOU SPOT THE BUOY BEFORE DARCY, SIGNAL HIM WHERE IT IS!
INSTANTLY A PLAN TAKES SHAPE IN TORCH'S ALERT MIND . . .
MAKE IT QUICK AND NOISELESS, TORO! WE'LL HAVE TO GET INTO THEIR CLOTHES BEFORE SOMEONE COMES ALONG!
SOME MINUTES LATER --- TORCH AND TORO DRESSED AS THE SAILORS, MAKE FOR A DIVING BELL DANGLING OVERSIDE . . .
WHAT KEPT YOU GUYS? DARCY IS DOWN ALREADY!
KEEP YOUR CHIN DOWN AND HEAD TURNED, TORO!

WHILE THE DIVING BELL IS LOWERED, TORCH AND TORO EXAMINE THE INTERIOR . .
THE AIR IS PUMPED DOWN THROUGH THE ROOF! I CAN FEEL IT!
THIS BENCH IS OF SOLID STEEL! WEIGHTED TO KEEP THE BELL DOWN AT THE BOTTOM, I GUESS!
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA . . .
TORCH! LOOK! THE DIVER!
HE'S CUTTING THAT CHAIN HELD UP BY A FLOATING BUOY MARKER!
THE OTHER END OF THE CHAIN WAS ATTACHED TO A SMALL SQUARE BOX! HE'S TUCKING IT UNDER HIS ARM!
AND IN THAT BOX TOO, TORO -- I'LL BET ALL THE FISH IN THIS SEA ARE DIAMONDS!
MEANWHILE ON THE SHIP, THE CAPTAIN DISCOVERS THE TWO BOUND AND GAGGED SAILORS . . .
IT WAS THE TORCH, I TELL YOU! I HEARD THE YOUNG ONE CALL HIM BY NAME!
THAT MEANS THEY WENT DOWN IN THE BELL INSTEAD OF YOU TWO! I'LL SOON FIX THAT!
UP ON DECK -- RUSHES THE CAPTAIN -- AXE IN HAND . . .
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THOSE ARE THE AIR LINES YOU'RE CUTTING!
SHUT UP! YOU UP THERE! CAST OFF THE DIVING BELL! SEND IT TO THE BOTTOM!

DOWN BELOW, TORCH AND TORO ARE THROWN IN A HEAP AS THE DIVING BELL, HELD UPRIGHT BY THE CHAIN, NOW CUT, SETTLES IN THE MUD AT THE BOTTOM . .
WHAT IN ---?
HEY! O-O-OOF-F!
(GROAN) THE AIR! IT'S BEEN CUT OFF!
WE'VE BEEN DISCOVERED, TORO! THEY'VE CUT THE HAULING CHAIN AND AIR-LINES! THE AIR GAUGE IS FALLING!
COME ON, TORCH! WE'LL BURN OUR WAY OUT OF THIS CAN AND HEAD FOR THE SURFACE!
CUT IT, TORO! THAT'S OUT! YOU'LL USE UP WHAT LITTLE OXYGEN IS LEFT IN HERE!
NO HUMAN BEING COULD WITHSTAND THE PRESSURE AT THIS DEPTH WITHOUT A SPECIAL SUIT LIKE THAT DIVER! WE'D BE CRUSHED LIKE EGG SHELLS!
(GROAN) LICKED!
WITH TORO OUT FOR LACK OF AIR, TORCH TAKES A DESPERATE CHANCE AND FLAMES INTO ACTION, BURNING UP THE STEEL BENCHES THAT LINE THE INTERIOR . . .
(COUGH --- COUGH), C-A-N-'T-BREATHE-!
KEEP DOWN, KID! MORE-(COUGH)-AIR NEAR FLOOR! I'LL GET YOU OUT SOMEHOW! HEY! THE STEEL BENCHES!
I'M USING UP WHAT LITTLE OXYGEN IS LEFT, BUT IF I CAN LIGHTEN THE WEIGHT OF THE BELL, IT MAY RISE TO THE SURFACE!
6

SPLIT SECONDS LATER ON THE SURFACE . . .
HA-HA! THAT'S THE END OF TORCH AND TORO! WEIGH ANCHOR! FULL SPEAD AHEAD!
CAPTAIN! L-O-O-K! THE DIVING BELL!
SUMMONING HIS LAST BIT OF STRENGTH, TORCH SUCCEEDS IN BURNING HIS WAY OUT OF THE LIGHTENED DIVING BELL NOW BOBBING ON THE SURFACE . .
THE AIR RUSHING INTO THE HOLE WILL REVIVE TORO! I'M TAKING AFTER THE SEA NYMPH!
TORCH WAVING A ZOOMING FIERY PATTERN AROUND THE SMUGGLERS, WARNS THE PASSENGERS, ALARMED BY THE SOUND OF SHOTS . . .
BACK! STAY BACK!
SHOOT! SHOOT, YOU FOOLS, OR WE'RE LOST!
TORO ARRIVES TO PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO ALL RESISTANCE . . .
OUCH! WE SURRENDER! WE'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!
OKAY! BACK TO PORT! AND GET READY TO TALK AND TELL ALL!
LATER -- AT FLORIDA F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS . . .
PRETTY SLICK AT THAT! ONE OF THE SMUGGLER MOB BOOKS PASSAGE ON A SHIP FROM SOUTH AMERICA AND TOSSES THE DIAMONDS IN A BOX ATTACHED TO THE MARKER BUOY OVERSIDE AT A PREARRANGED SPOT!
YEAH! IT WAS A PERFECT SET UP UNTIL THE TORCH STEPPED IN!
THE END.

EMBRACED BY DEATH

PEOPLE just didn't disappear into old ships, Jimmy reasoned. Not even when those ships were deserted. Native superstition couldn't snatch them out of sight as completely as they seemed to have been in this case.

The island was small, perhaps fourteen miles in length, by half as many miles across its widest portion. It wasn't quite chance that had brought Jimmy here, to discover the old schooner aground on the reefs and then send him down to investigate. It was part of his patrol duty to cover this section of the sea. It was also a part to get down there and find out what had happened to the crew. Perhaps they had been injured and needed attention the natives could not provide.

"They gone," Mowamba told Jimmy. "Never see. Just ship. Medicine man say ship very bad evil." The wiry native paused to look over his sinewy shoulder through the thick screen of trees toward the little lagoon, beyond which the old schooner lay. Mowamba said, "Fighters go see. They . . . never come back. Evil spirit in ship. Medicine man say—" But Mowamba didn't go on to explain what the tribal medicine expert had said.

At any rate, Jimmy had felt their peculiar attitude almost from the moment of his arrival. There was only one thing to do: Go out and personally run the evil spirit to earth.

* * * * *

THE schooner lay on a coral reef and her shattered masts and massive beams creaked faintly. There was nothing on deck save the mass of wreckage, which testified only too clearly to the force of the storm the ship must have weathered before running aground here. No doubt her bottom was shattered and ripped to pieces. It was quite conceivable, Jimmy decided, that the crew and the master had taken themselves off in lifeboats before the storm. Perhaps the ship had already been disabled. There seemed no other more plausible explanation. But it was something which hadn't occurred to Mowamba and his people. For it couldn't explain the strange disappearance of the natives who had come out here, and had never returned.

Picking his way along the deck, Jimmy made his way below, found the master's quarters. He thrust portholes open, let in the warm rays of the sun, turned by its light to look more closely about him. Several tables and chairs had been smashed, were lying in corners. A cabinet stood against one wall, its doors still closed. Curiously Jimmy made his way toward it, forced the lock.

He stood looking inside at the four rifles. He picked one out, noting the English trademark. It was a double-barreled affair and the barrels had been rifled. It was, Jimmy realized, an elephant gun. There were some shells, very large shells. Jimmy grinned ruefully. He'd seen one of these weapons before. It was a .377 cordite, and there were few men who could handle one effectively.

Carefully Jimmy returned the rifle to its cabinet, shoved the doors shut, and went out. The crew's quarters were in the same state of smashed confusion.

In the hold were scattered cases and barrels. Bales of hay filled the salty air with a strange rotting odor. Gloom was thick. There was water at the foot of the stairs. Once more Jimmy could hear the restless creak of timbers, the faint wash of waves against the hull.

* * * * *

SLOWLY Jimmy turned on the stairs. He didn't particularly like it down here. There was a strange feeling of danger in the air he couldn't quite shake off. Of course, there was one way of solving the whole thing. A tin of gasoline and a match would rid the natives for all times of the threat of this old ship. But it wouldn't explain the strange disappearance of several members of their tribe. . . .

A faint splash of sound brought Jimmy around swiftly. His heart was high in his throat as he stared back into the gloom of the shattered hold. He had heard something. It couldn't be imagination. It had been quite close to the stairs on which he had stood.

Brushing sweat from his forehead, Jimmy hurried up into the sunlight. He stood for a moment staring toward shore, knowing many eyes would be watching him. He knew the natives had seen him go into the ship, and would be watching as he came back out again. They would expect an explanation of some sort.

Somehow or other he'd have to convince them the old ship harbored no evil spirit. There was only one way to do that. Get someone to come back with him. Show him through the old schooner. Bring him back alive, then put a torch to the hulk and burn it to the water-line. But the first job would be to get someone to go back out with him. Mowamba would have to tackle that.

* * * * *

MOWAMBA did. "Evil spirit no touch you," he wondered aloud. "You take someone with you."

"That's it," Jimmy explained. "Someone with nerve. I guess theyll need that. Make it a couple of the bravest, so they'll be sure everything is okay."

Mowamba went away without answering. Jimmy knew it would be a job for him to get anyone out there, no matter what sort of explanation he gave.

Late that afternoon Jimmy returned to the schooner. Half an hour later he was joined by Mowamba himself, and two of his friends.

Stepping close to Jimmy, Mowamba explained, "I say you protect them. You show us ship. They believe then what you tell me."

"Let them go wherever they want," Jimmy answered. "I'll be right with them. Not that it will make much difference, because there is nothing to be afraid of. Tell them to look it over. Carefully."

Later, evidently satisfied with what they found top-side, the natives started down the companion-way stairs. They found the master's quarters, spent some time in there investigating. Jimmy meanwhile picked up the .377 cordite, slipped several shells into his pocket. He'd take this back with him. After these people were through exploring, he'd pick up the other rifles.

* * * * *

THE tour of investigation led eventually to the hold. Bales of hay were packed against one side, and the first of Mowamba's committee sprang from the foot of the stairs to the nearest bale, stood there with the torch high over his head, peering about.

Jimmy watched from near the top of the stairs. He realized, as he saw their faces in the flickering light of the torches, that already they were partly convinced there was nothing evil or supernatural about the old ship. Of course, the disappearance of their friends . . .

It happened suddenly. One moment there was just the soft chatter of voices below him, the eerie light flickering upon the water.

Next instant the water writhed fiercely. Someone shouted. The man at the foot of the stairs screamed, his voice piercing and high, trembling with horrible fear.

Jimmy twisted about. Huge tentacles whipped out of the water, flung themselves at the three natives. Again the man at the foot of the stairs screamed, as great, long arms suddenly wrapped around his gleaming body. He was twisting and writhing in their grasp, trying to draw away. Mowamba was scrambling up the stairs—

Realization came to Jimmy suddenly as he saw the thing coming out of the water, saw for one terrible instant the hooked beak, the awful eyes, the funny, rubbery body—

Without thinking, Jimmy broke the rifle, slid a shell into one chamber, snapped it shut. Again without thinking, he whipped the rifle to his shoulder. There was light enough, and for one instant he could see the awful face of the giant squid—

* * * * *

THE crashing roar of the .377 cordite filled the hold of the ship with sound that crushed against Jimmy's ear-drums. In the same second he felt himself hurled backward. The rifle leaped into the air from his hands. Somehow he managed to hang onto it, as he whirled over backward.

His head struck the corner of a wall, and he lay there dazed, unable to move. Then slowly he recovered, got to his feet and leaned the rifle in the slot of a door jamb.

Mowamba and his friends were beside him then, their faces still frightened. They were supporting one member of their party.

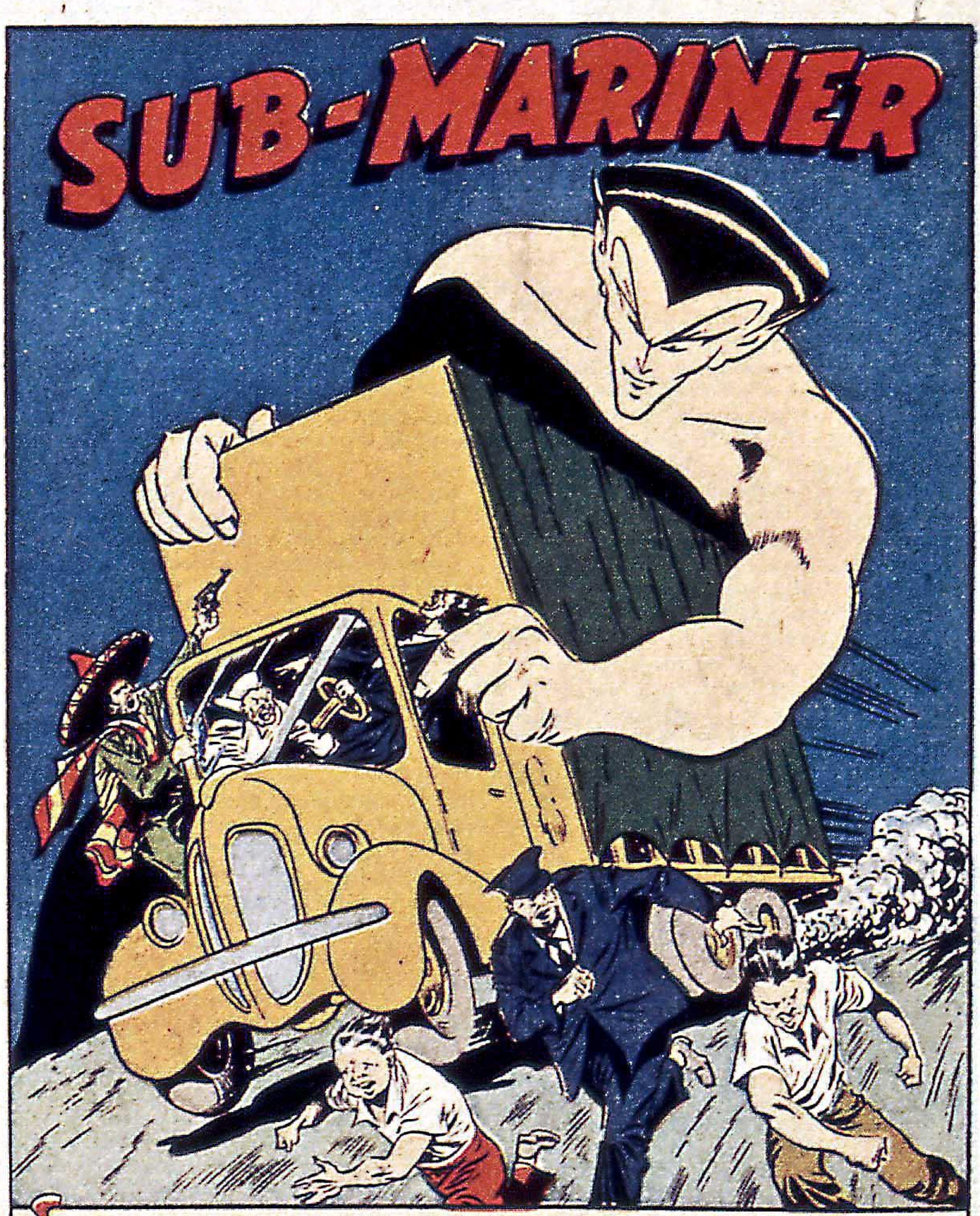
Slowly Mowamba said, "No evil spirit now—"

Jimmy moved his shoulder experimentally. "Not any more," he admitted. "A giant squid. Evidently he got in through the ripped bottom of the ship, and when the other men came out to explore he caught them. That's why they didn't come back. An evil spirit maybe, but he's a dead one now. Your man . . . he's all right?"

"Yes," Mowamba said gravely. Then he looked at Jimmy. "You hurt shoulder—"

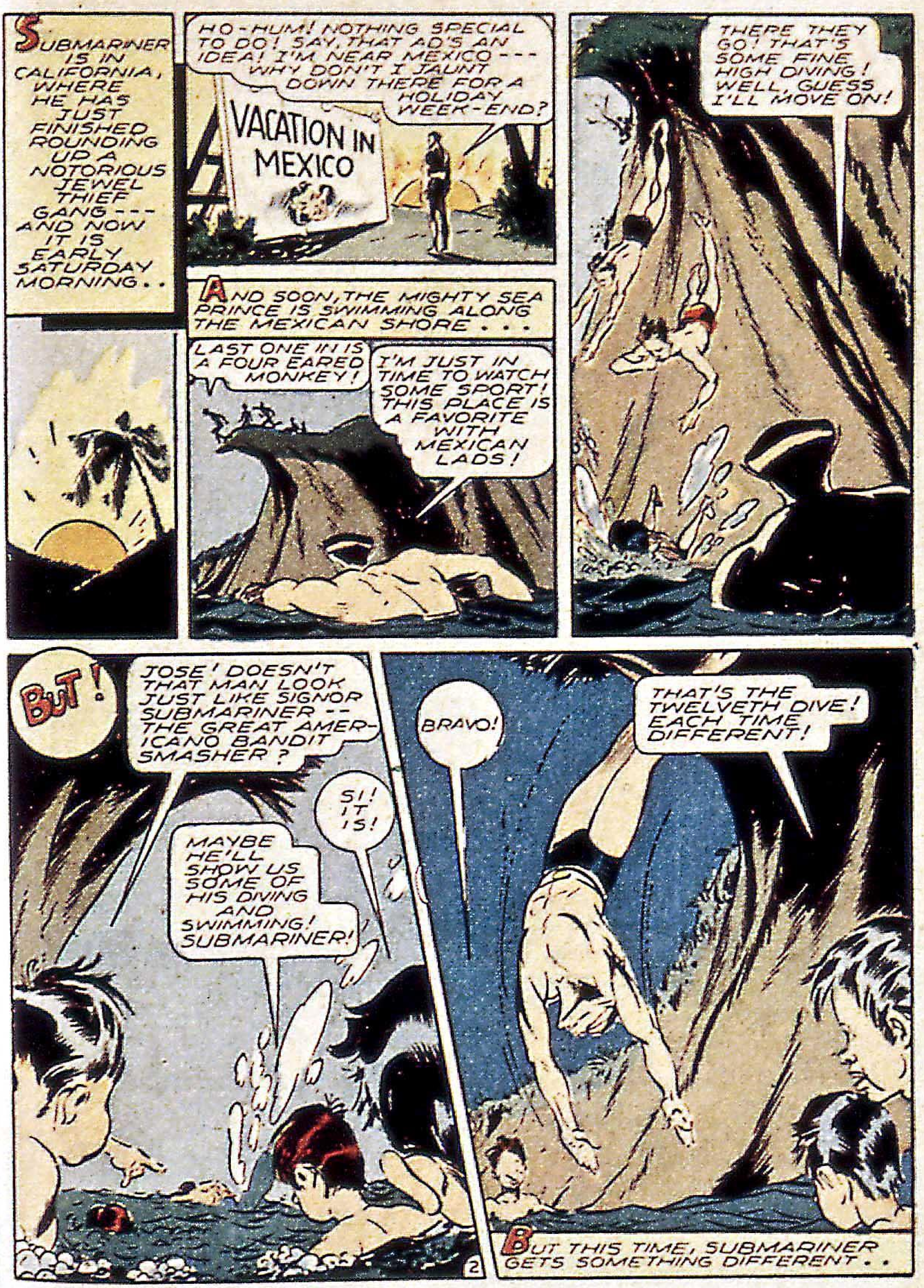
Jimmy grinned. "I guess it'll be okay. I'm quite sure I'll never take that howitzer duck shooting!"

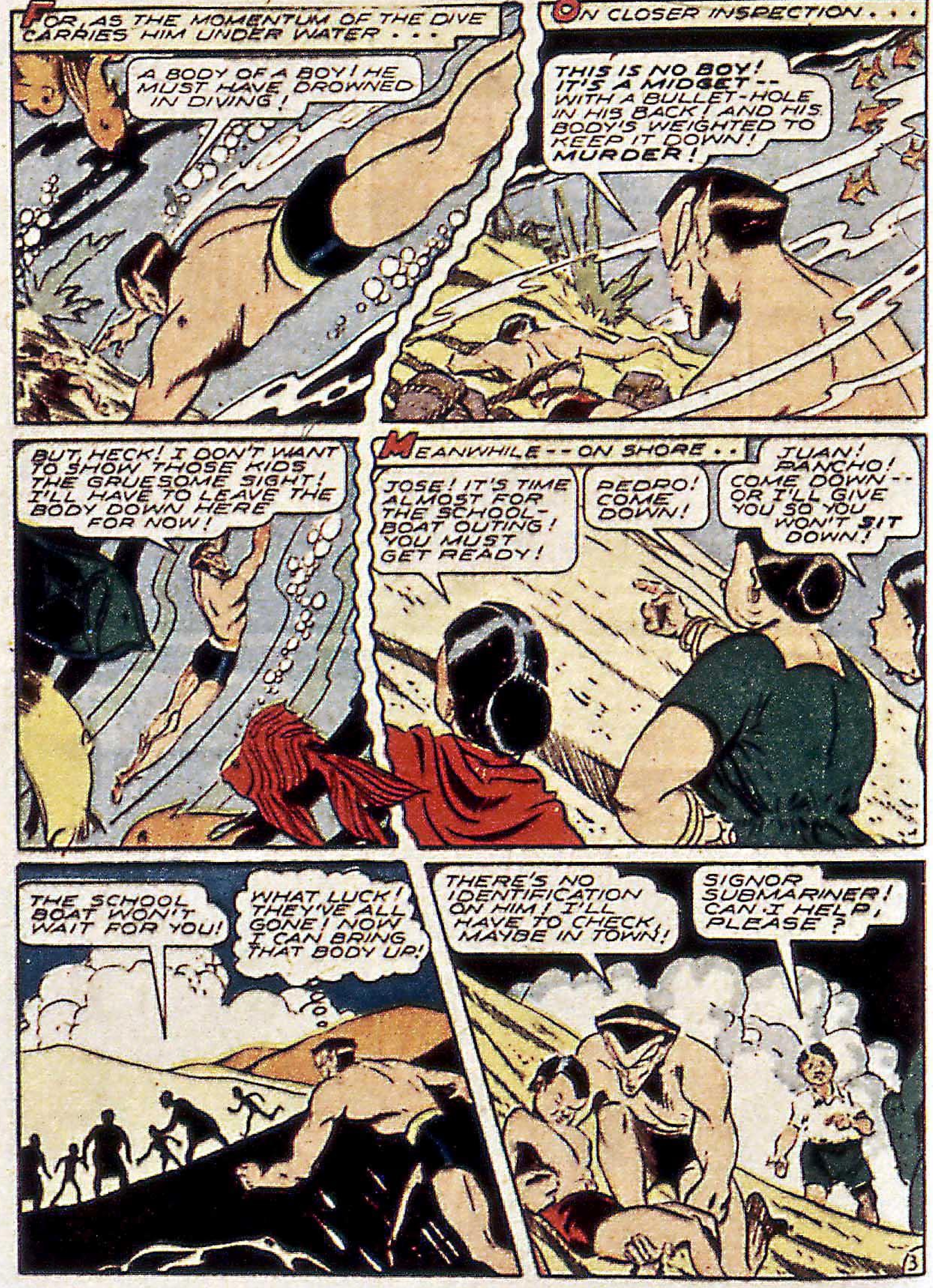
THE END

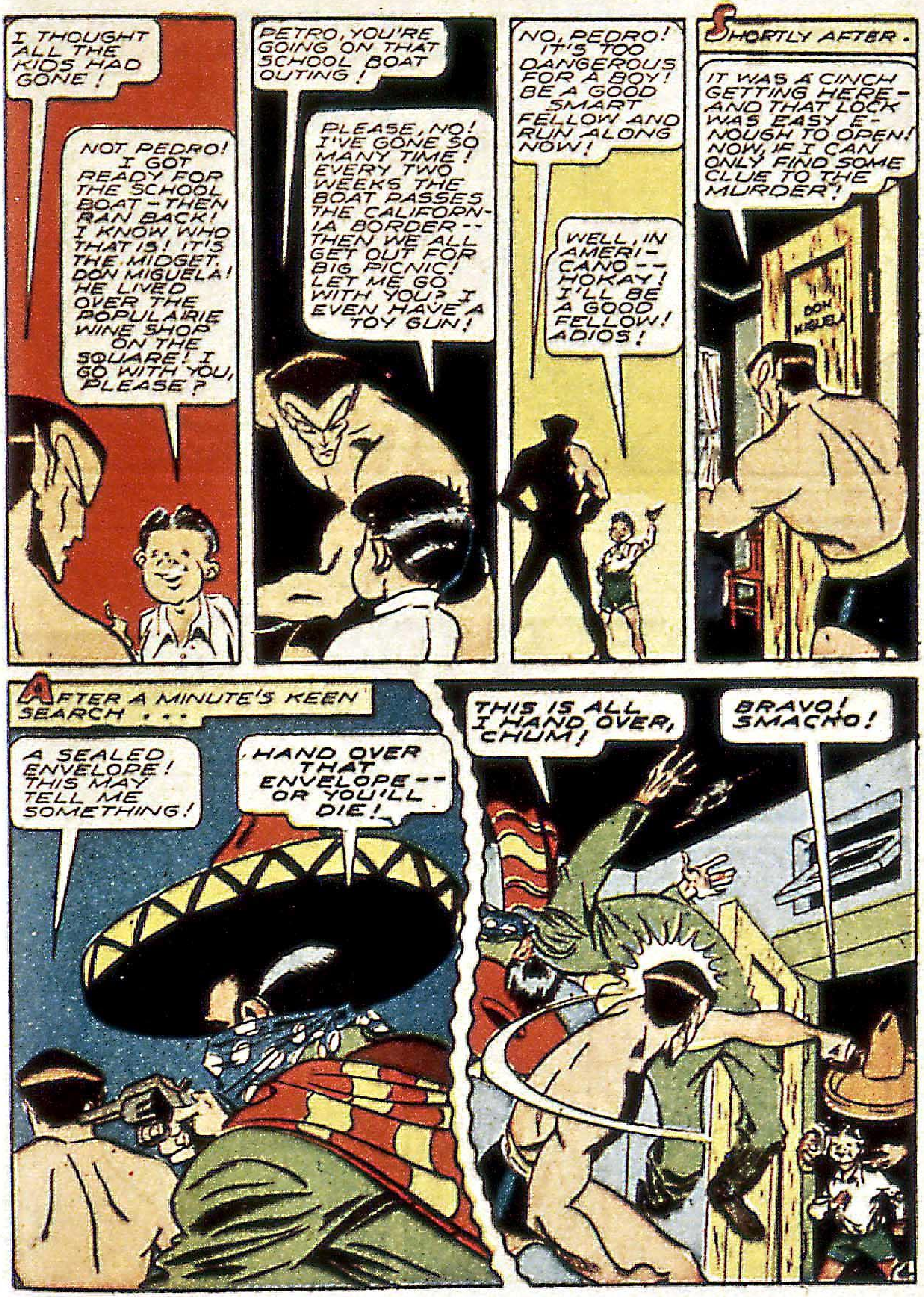


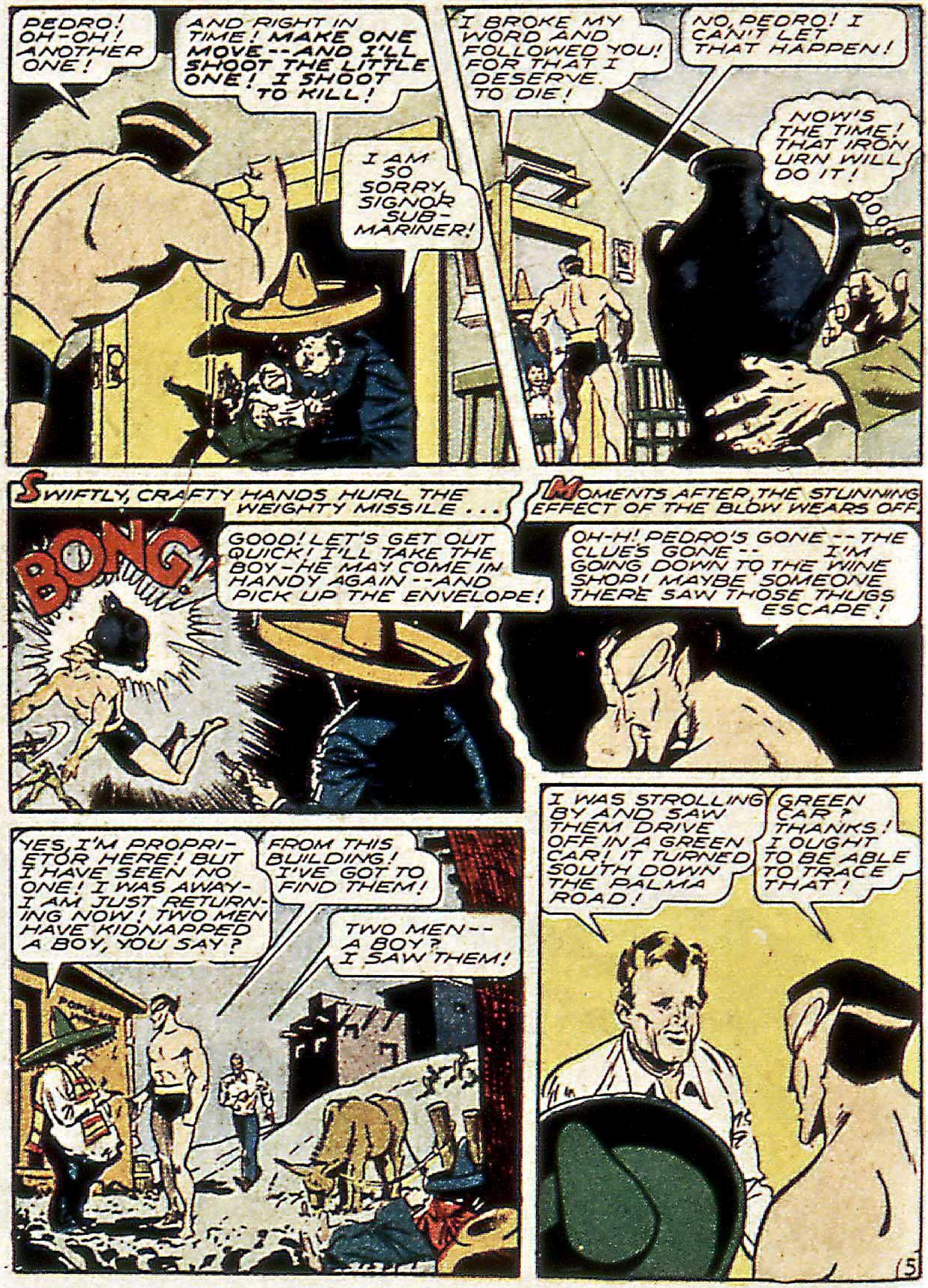
SUBMARINER STARTS ON A JOYOUS JAUNT AND ENCOUNTERS THE MOST BAFFLING CASE OF HIS CAREER.... STARK TERROR AMID YOUNG LAUGHTER! DEATH AMONG LIFE! FIENDISH PLUNDER IN INNOCENT GUISE! SUCH IS THE BREATH-TAKING BATTLE AMONG MASTERS OF CRIME, INTO WHICH THE DARING SEA PRINCE IS PLUNGED --- ON HIS

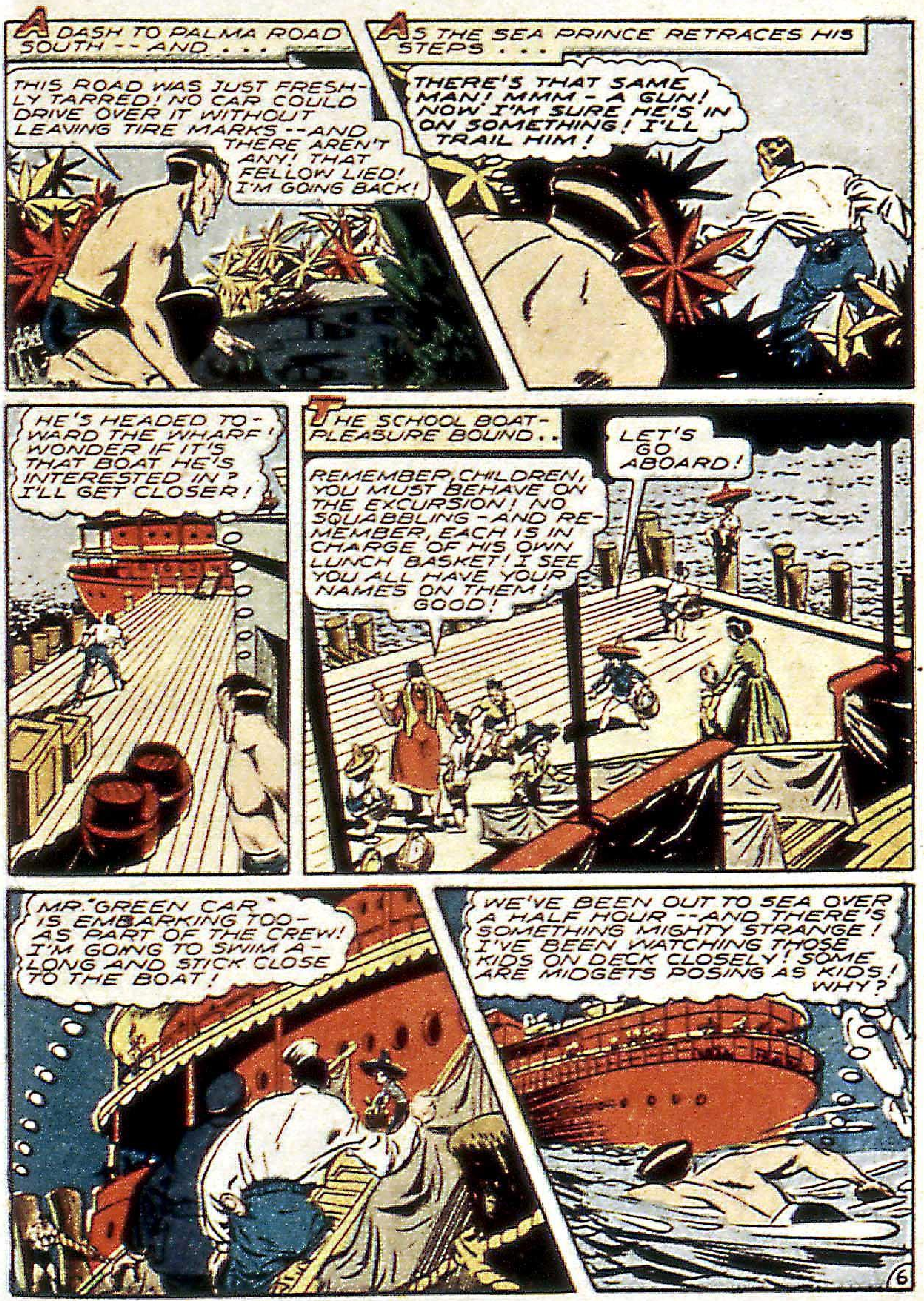
" HOLIDAY WITH MURDER! "

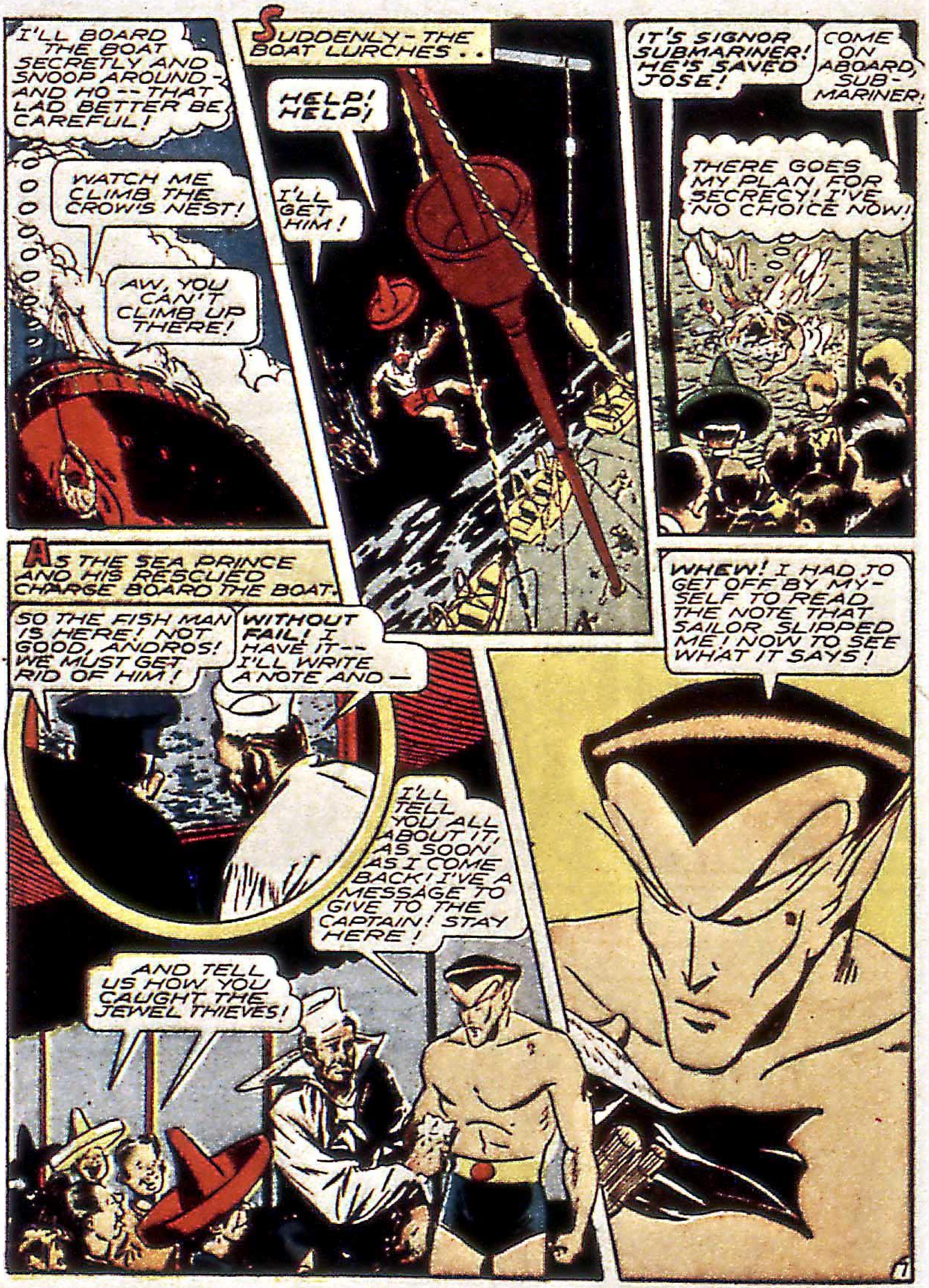

SUBMARINER IS IN CALIFORNIA, WHERE HE HAS JUST FINISHED ROUNDING UP A NOTORIOUS JEWEL THIEF GANG --- AND NOW IT IS EARLY SATURDAY MORNING . .
HO-HUM! NOTHING SPECIAL TO DO! SAY, THAT AD'S AN IDEA! I'M NEAR MEXICO --- WHY DON'T I JAUNT DOWN THERE FOR A HOLIDAY WEEK-END?
VACATION IN MEXICO
THERE THEY GO! THAT'S SOME FINE HIGH DIVING! WELL, GUESS I'LL MOVE ON!
AND SOON, THE MIGHTY SEA PRINCE IS SWIMMING ALONG THE MEXICAN SHORE . . .
LAST ONE IN IS A FOUR EARED MONKEY!
I'M JUST IN TIME TO WATCH SOME SPORT! THIS PLACE IS A FAVORITE WITH MEXICAN LADS!
BUT!
JOSE! DOESN'T THAT MAN LOOK JUST LIKE SIGNOR SUBMARINER -- THE GREAT AMERICANO BANDIT SMASHER?
SI! IT IS!
MAYBE HE'LL SHOW US SOME OF HIS DIVING AND SWIMMING! SUBMARINER!
BRAVO!
THAT'S THE TWELVETH DIVE! EACH TIME DIFFERENT!
BUT THIS TIME, SUBMARINER GETS SOMETHING DIFFERENT . .

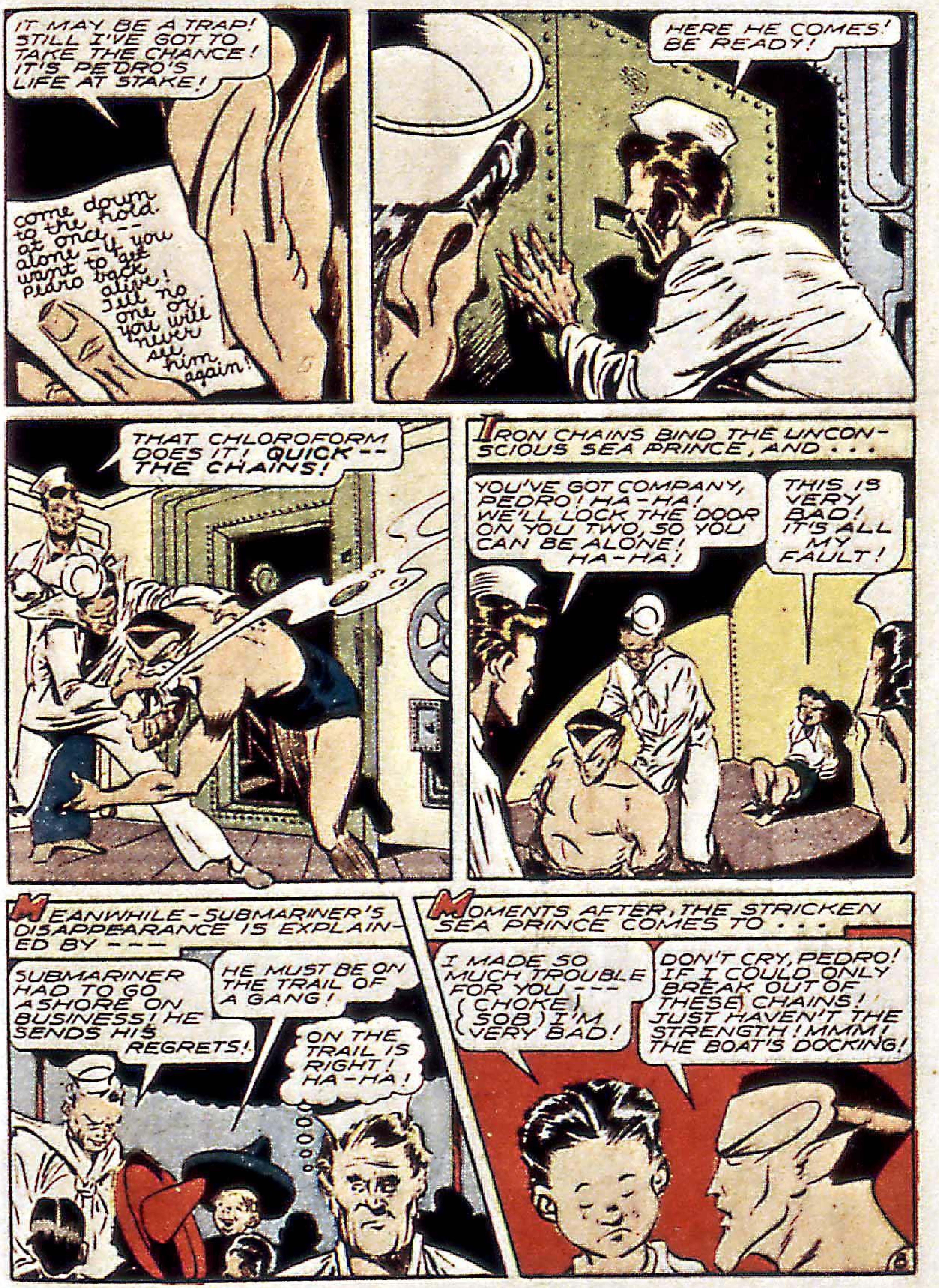

FOR, AS THE MOMENTUM OF THE DIVE CARRIES HIM UNDER WATER . . .
A BODY OF A BOY! HE MUST HAVE DROWNED IN DIVING!
ON CLOSER INSPECTION . . .
THIS IS NO BOY! IT'S A MIDGET -- WITH A BULLET-HOLE IN HIS BACK! AND HIS BODY'S WEIGHTED TO KEEP IT DOWN! MURDER!
BUT, HECK! I DON'T WANT TO SHOW THOSE KIDS THE GRUESOME SIGHT! I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THE BODY DOWN HERE FOR NOW!
MEANWHILE -- ON SHORE . .
JOSE! IT'S TIME ALMOST FOR THE SCHOOL-BOAT OUTING! YOU MUST GET READY!
PEDRO! COME DOWN!
JUAN! PANCHO! COME DOWN -- OR I'LL GIVE YOU SO YOU WON'T SIT DOWN!
THE SCHOOL BOAT WON'T WAIT FOR YOU!
WHAT LUCK! THEY'VE ALL GONE! NOW I CAN BRING THAT BODY UP!
THERE'S NO IDENTIFICATION ON HIM! I'LL HAVE TO CHECK, MAYBE IN TOWN!
SIGNOR SUBMARINER! CAN I HELP, PLEASE?
3

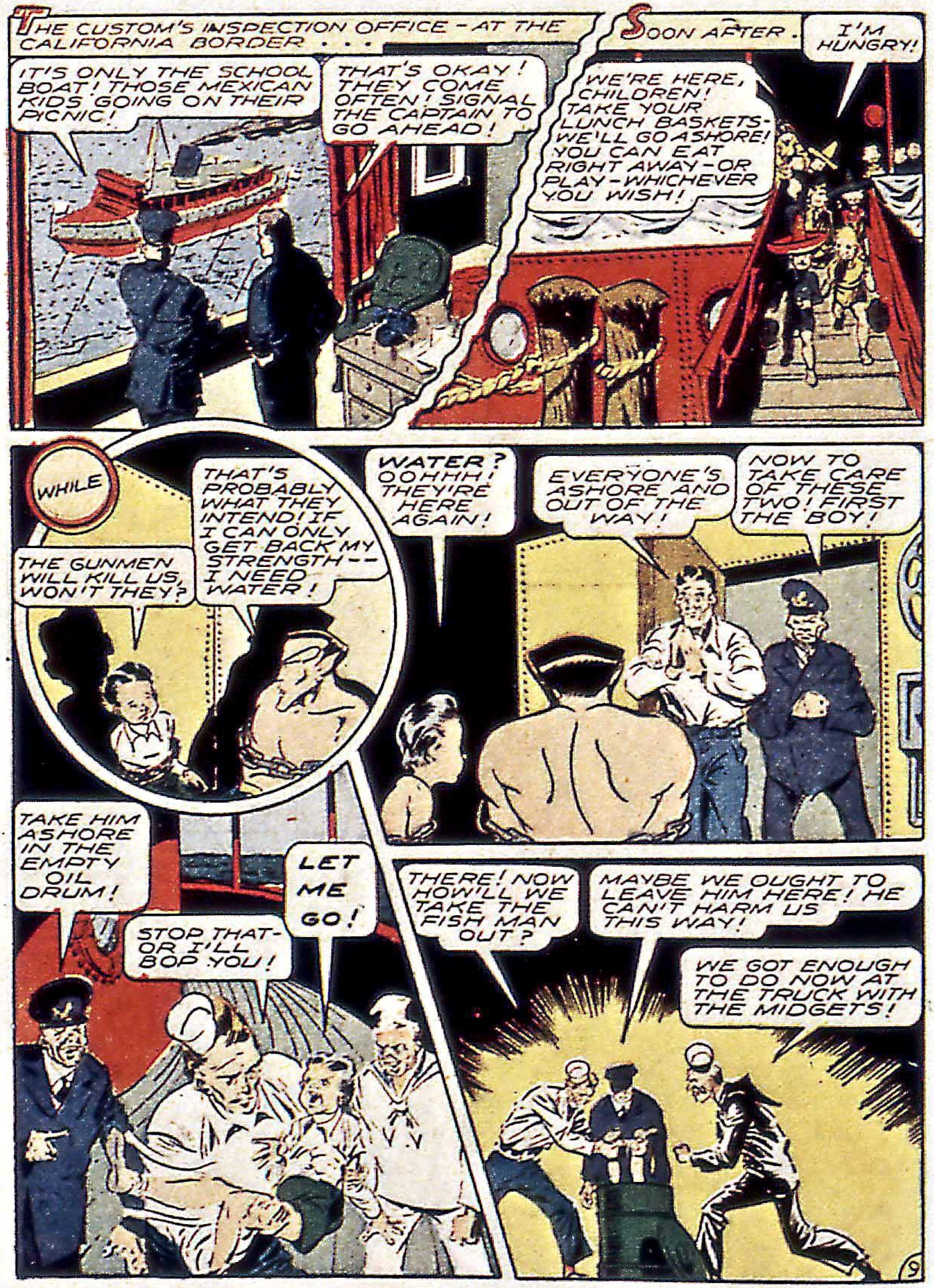

I THOUGHT ALL THE KIDS HAD GONE!
NOT PEDRO! I GOT READY FOR THE SCHOOL BOAT—THEN RAN BACK! I KNOW WHO THAT IS! IT'S THE MIDGET, DON MIGUELA! HE LIVED OVER THE POPULAIRIE WINE SHOP ON THE SQUARE! I GO WITH YOU, PLEASE?
PETRO, YOU'RE GOING ON THAT SCHOOL BOAT OUTING!
PLEASE, NO! I'VE GONE SO MANY TIME! EVERY TWO WEEKS THE BOAT PASSES THE CALIFORNIA BORDER-- THEN WE ALL GET OUT FOR BIG PICNIC! LET ME GO WITH YOU? I EVEN HAVE A TOY GUN!
NO, PEDRO! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS FOR A BOY! BE A GOOD SMART FELLOW AND RUN ALONG NOW!
WELL, IN AMERICANO--HOKAY! I'LL BE A GOOD FELLOW! ADIOS!
SHORTLY AFTER.
IT WAS A CINCH GETTING HERE—AND THAT LOCK WAS EASY ENOUGH TO OPEN! NOW, IF I CAN ONLY FIND SOME CLUE TO THE MURDER!
DON MIGUELA
AFTER A MINUTE'S KEEN SEARCH...
A SEALED ENVELOPE! THIS MAY TELL ME SOMETHING!
HAND OVER THAT ENVELOPE--OR YOU'LL DIE!
THIS IS ALL I HAND OVER, CHUM!
BRAVO! SMACKO!

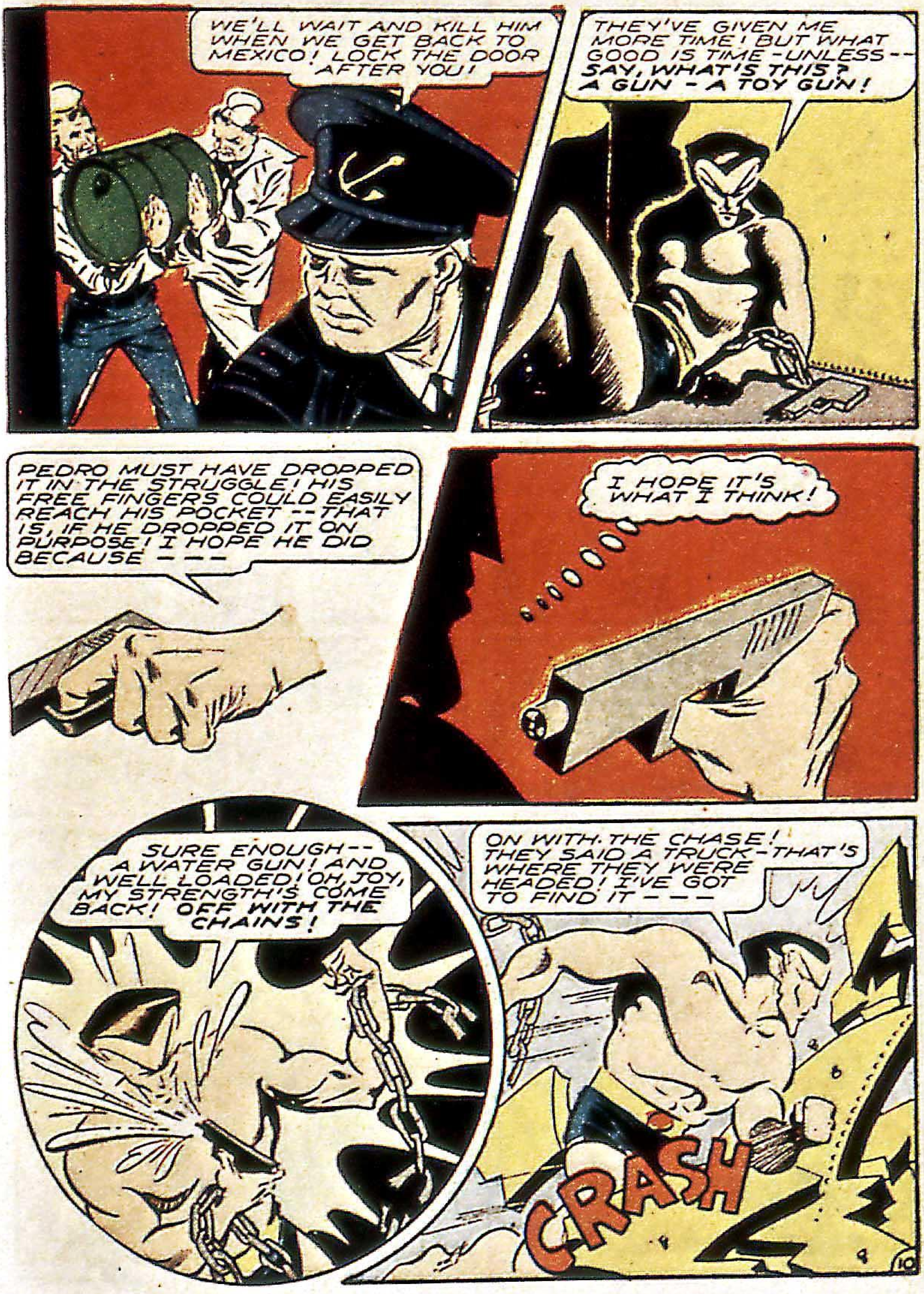

PEDRO! OH-OH! ANOTHER ONE!
AND RIGHT IN TIME! MAKE ONE MOVE -- AND I'LL SHOOT THE LITTLE ONE! I SHOOT TO KILL!
I AM SO SORRY, SIGNOR SUB-MARINER!
I BROKE MY WORD AND FOLLOWED YOU! FOR THAT I DESERVE TO DIE!
NO, PEDRO! I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN!
NOW'S THE TIME! THAT IRON URN WILL DO IT!
SWIFTLY, CRAFTY HANDS HURL THE WEIGHTY MISSILE . . .
BONG!
GOOD! LET'S GET OUT QUICK! I'LL TAKE THE BOY -- HE MAY COME IN HANDY AGAIN -- AND PICK UP THE ENVELOPE!
MOMENTS AFTER, THE STUNNING EFFECT OF THE BLOW WEARS OFF.
OH-H! PEDRO'S GONE -- THE CLUE'S GONE -- I'M GOING DOWN TO THE WINE SHOP! MAYBE SOMEONE THERE SAW THOSE THUGS ESCAPE!
YES, I'M PROPRIETOR HERE! BUT I HAVE SEEN NO ONE! I WAS AWAY -- I AM JUST RETURNING NOW! TWO MEN HAVE KIDNAPPED A BOY, YOU SAY?
FROM THIS BUILDING! I'VE GOT TO FIND THEM!
TWO MEN -- A BOY? I SAW THEM!
I WAS STROLLING BY AND SAW THEM DRIVE OFF IN A GREEN CAR! IT TURNED SOUTH DOWN THE PALMA ROAD!
GREEN CAR? THANKS! I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO TRACE THAT!

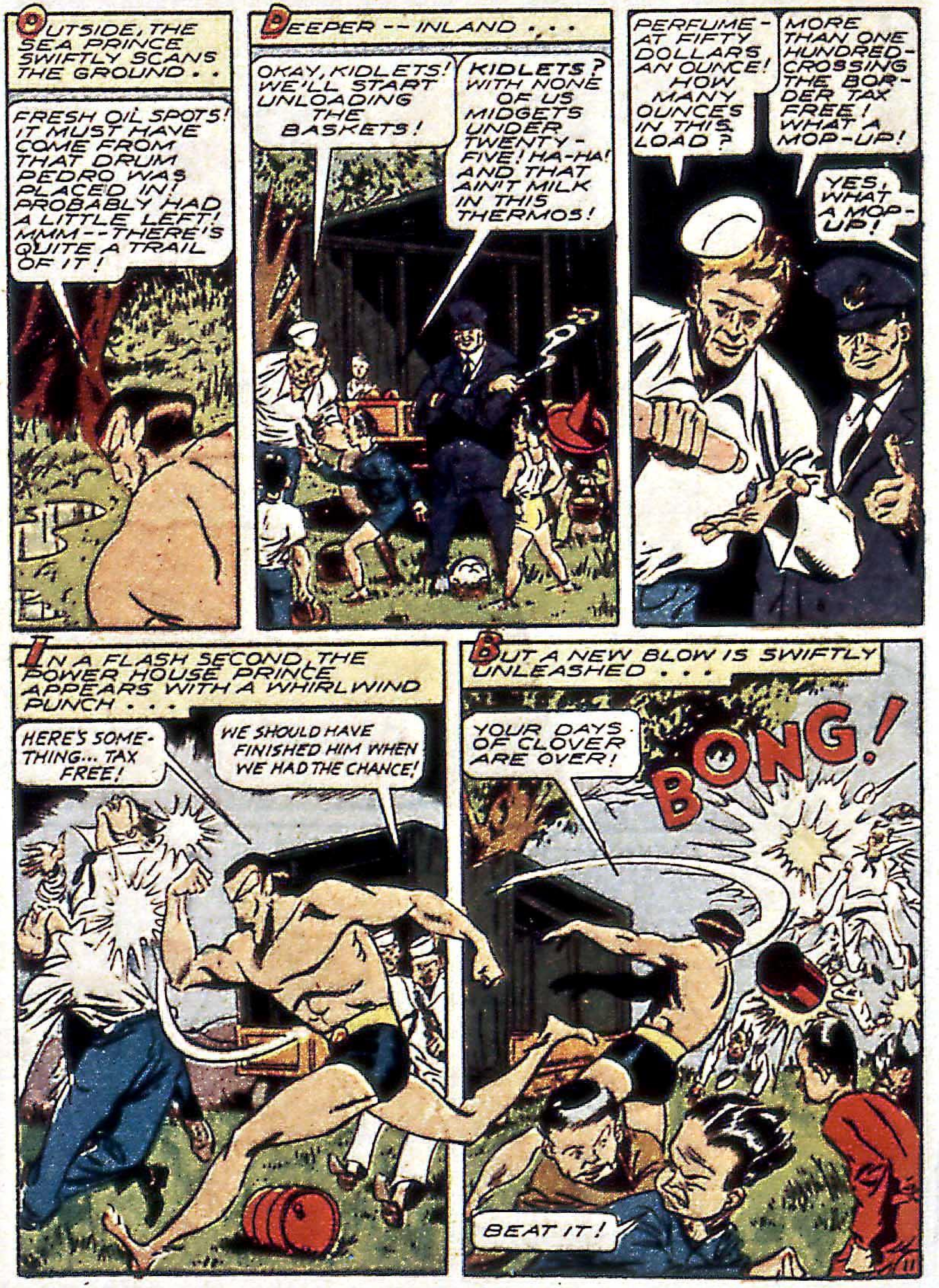

A DASH TO PALMA ROAD SOUTH -- AND . . .
THIS ROAD WAS JUST FRESHLY TARRED! NO CAR COULD DRIVE OVER IT WITHOUT LEAVING TIRE MARKS --AND THERE AREN'T ANY! THAT FELLOW LIED! I'M GOING BACK!
AS THE SEA PRINCE RETRACES HIS STEPS . . .
THERE'S THAT SAME MAN! MMM - A GUN! NOW I'M SURE HE'S IN ON SOMETHING! I'LL TRAIL HIM!
HE'S HEADED TOWARD THE WHARF! WONDER IF IT'S THAT BOAT HE'S INTERESTED IN? I'LL GET CLOSER!
THE SCHOOL BOAT-PLEASURE BOUND..
REMEMBER, CHILDREN, YOU MUST BEHAVE ON THE EXCURSION! NO SQUABBLING -AND REMEMBER, EACH IS IN CHARGE OF HIS OWN LUNCH BASKET! I SEE YOU ALL HAVE YOUR NAMES ON THEM! GOOD!
LET'S GO ABOARD!
MR."GREEN CAR" IS EMBARKING TOO- AS PART OF THE CREW! I'M GOING TO SWIM ALONG AND STICK CLOSE TO THE BOAT!
WE'VE BEEN OUT TO SEA OVER A HALF HOUR --AND THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY STRANGE! I'VE BEEN WATCHING THOSE KIDS ON DECK CLOSELY! SOME ARE MIDGETS POSING AS KIDS! WHY?

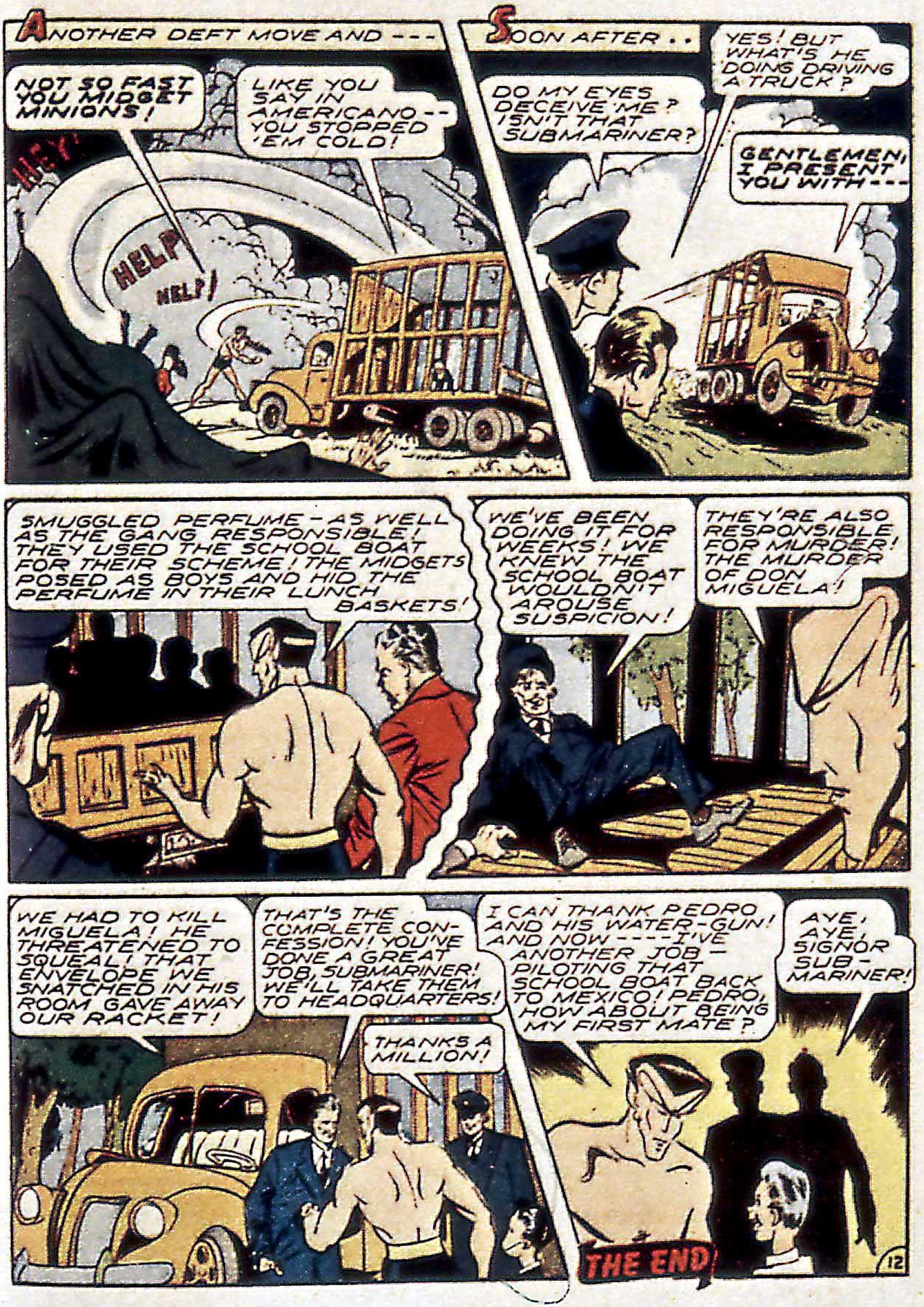

I'LL BOARD THE BOAT SECRETLY AND SNOOP AROUND -- AND HO -- THAT LAD BETTER BE CAREFUL!
WATCH ME CLIMB THE CROW'S NEST!
AW, YOU CAN'T CLIMB UP THERE!
SUDDENLY - THE BOAT LURCHES . .
HELP! HELP!
I'LL GET HIM!
IT'S SIGNOR SUBMARINER! HE'S SAVED JOSE!
COME ON ABOARD, SUB-MARINER!
THERE GOES MY PLAN FOR SECRECY! I'VE NO CHOICE NOW!
AS THE SEA PRINCE AND HIS RESCUED CHARGE BOARD THE BOAT.
SO THE FISH MAN IS HERE! NOT GOOD, ANDROS! WE MUST GET RID OF HIM!
WITHOUT FAIL! I HAVE IT -- I'LL WRITE A NOTE AND —
I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT, AS SOON AS I COME BACK! I'VE A MESSAGE TO GIVE TO THE CAPTAIN! STAY HERE!
AND TELL US HOW YOU CAUGHT THE JEWEL THIEVES!
WHEW! I HAD TO GET OFF BY MY-SELF TO READ THE NOTE THAT SAILOR SLIPPED ME! NOW TO SEE WHAT IT SAYS!
7

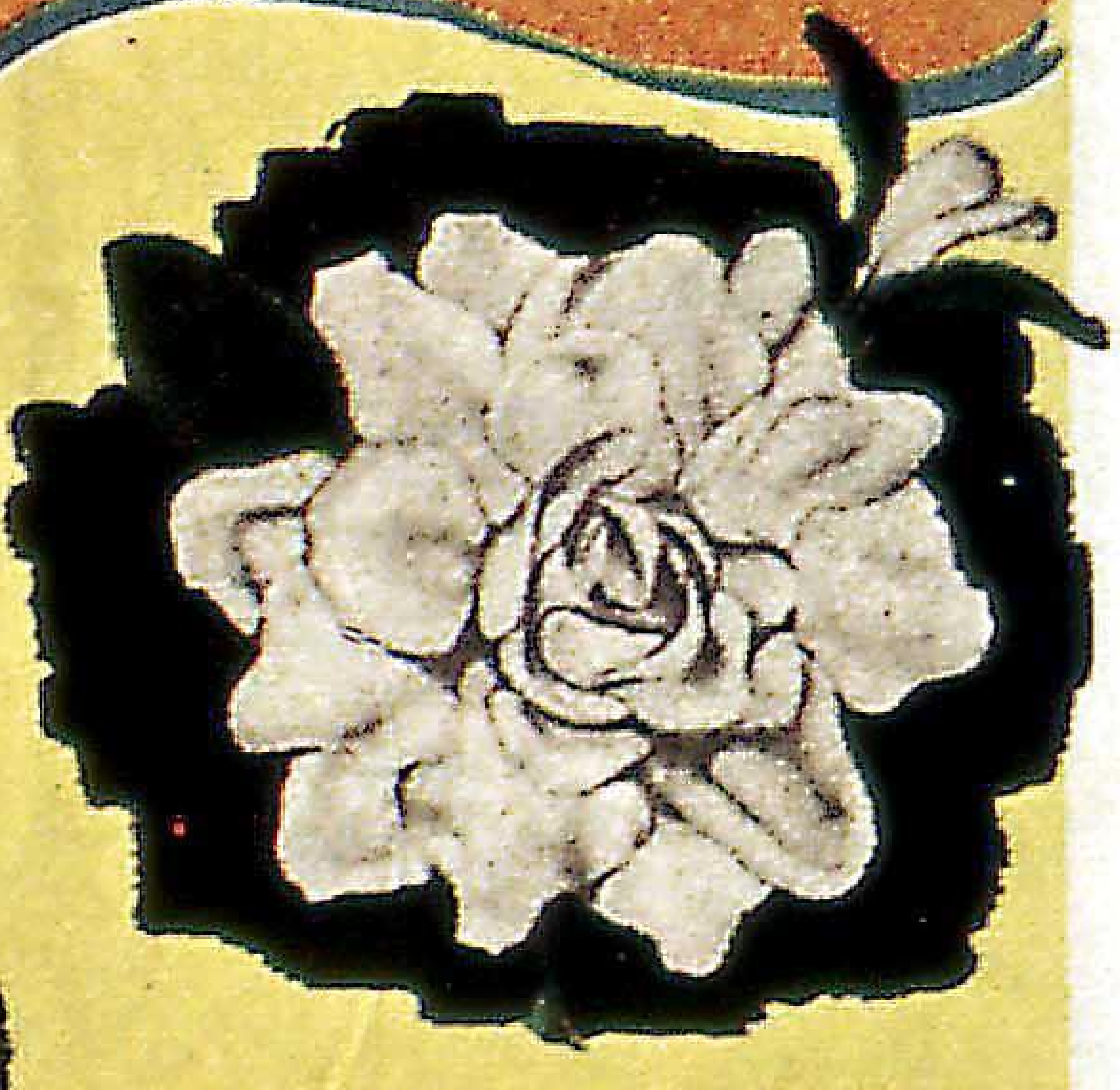

IT MAY BE A TRAP! STILL I'VE GOT TO TAKE THE CHANCE! IT'S PEDRO'S LIFE AT STAKE!
come down to the hold at once -- alone - if you want to get pedro back alive! Tell no one or you will never see him again!
HERE HE COMES! BE READY!
THAT CHLOROFORM DOES IT! QUICK -- THE CHAINS!
IRON CHAINS BIND THE UNCONSCIOUS SEA PRINCE, AND . . .
YOU'VE GOT COMPANY, PEDRO! HA-HA! WE'LL LOCK THE DOOR ON YOU TWO, SO YOU CAN BE ALONE! HA-HA!
THIS IS VERY BAD! IT'S ALL MY FAULT!
MEANWHILE - SUBMARINER'S DISAPPEARANCE IS EXPLAINED BY ---
SUBMARINER HAD TO GO ASHORE ON BUSINESS! HE SENDS HIS REGRETS!
HE MUST BE ON THE TRAIL OF A GANG!
ON THE TRAIL IS RIGHT! HA-HA!
MOMENTS AFTER, THE STRICKEN SEA PRINCE COMES TO . . .
I MADE SO MUCH TROUBLE FOR YOU --- (CHOKE) (SOB) I'M VERY BAD!
DON'T CRY, PEDRO! IF I COULD ONLY BREAK OUT OF THESE CHAINS! JUST HAVEN'T THE STRENGTH! MMM! THE BOAT'S DOCKING!
6

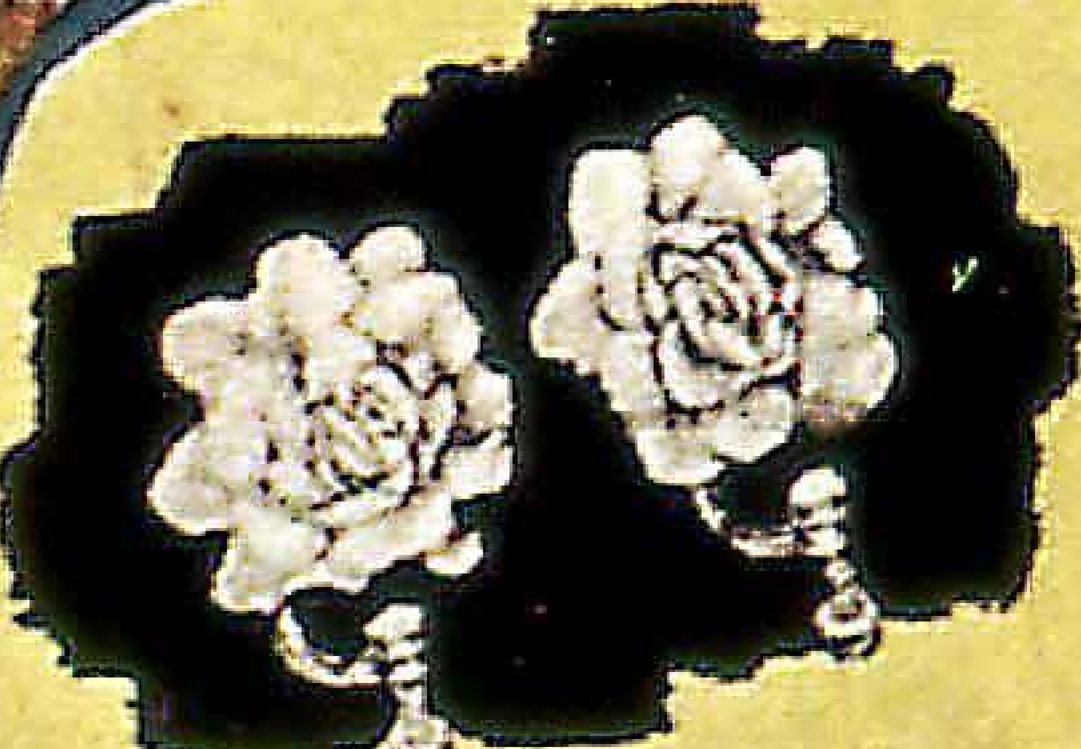

THE CUSTOM'S INSPECTION OFFICE - AT THE CALIFORNIA BORDER . . .
IT'S ONLY THE SCHOOL BOAT! THOSE MEXICAN KIDS GOING ON THEIR PICNIC!
THAT'S OKAY! THEY COME OFTEN! SIGNAL THE CAPTAIN TO GO AHEAD!
SOON AFTER.
WE'RE HERE, CHILDREN! TAKE YOUR LUNCH BASKETS- WE'LL GO ASHORE! YOU CAN EAT RIGHT AWAY-OR PLAY-WHICHEVER YOU WISH!
I'M HUNGRY!
WHILE
THE GUNMEN WILL KILL US, WON'T THEY?
THAT'S PROBABLY WHAT THEY INTEND! IF I CAN ONLY GET BACK MY STRENGTH-- I NEED WATER!
WATER? OOHHH! THEY'RE HERE AGAIN!
EVERYONE'S ASHORE AND OUT OF THE WAY!
NOW TO TAKE CARE OF THESE TWO! FIRST THE BOY!
TAKE HIM ASHORE IN THE EMPTY OIL DRUM!
LET ME GO!
STOP THAT- OR I'LL BOP YOU!
THERE! NOW HOW'LL WE TAKE THE FISH MAN OUT?
MAYBE WE OUGHT TO LEAVE HIM HERE! HE CAN'T HARM US THIS WAY!
WE GOT ENOUGH TO DO NOW AT THE TRUCK WITH THE MIDGETS!


WE'LL WAIT AND KILL HIM WHEN WE GET BACK TO MEXICO! LOCK THE DOOR AFTER YOU!
THEY'VE GIVEN ME MORE TIME! BUT WHAT GOOD IS TIME -UNLESS-- **SAY, WHAT'S THIS? A GUN - A TOY GUN!**
PEDRO MUST HAVE DROPPED IT IN THE STRUGGLE! HIS FREE FINGERS COULD EASILY REACH HIS POCKET --THAT IS, IF HE DROPPED IT ON PURPOSE! I HOPE HE DID BECAUSE ---
I HOPE IT'S WHAT I THINK!
SURE ENOUGH-- A WATER GUN! AND WELL LOADED! OH, JOY, MY STRENGTH'S COME BACK! **OFF WITH THE CHAINS!**
ON WITH THE CHASE! THEY SAID A TRUCK-THAT'S WHERE THEY WERE HEADED! I'VE GOT TO FIND IT ---
CRASH


OUTSIDE, THE SEA PRINCE SWIFTLY SCANS THE GROUND . .
FRESH OIL SPOTS! IT MUST HAVE COME FROM THAT DRUM PEDRO WAS PLACED IN! PROBABLY HAD A LITTLE LEFT! MMM -- THERE'S QUITE A TRAIL OF IT!
DEEPER -- INLAND . . .
OKAY, KIDLETS! WE'LL START UNLOADING THE BASKETS!
KIDLETS? WITH NONE OF US MIDGETS UNDER TWENTY-FIVE! HA-HA! AND THAT AIN'T MILK IN THIS THERMOS!
PERFUME - AT FIFTY DOLLARS AN OUNCE! HOW MANY OUNCES IN THIS LOAD?
MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED - CROSSING THE BORDER TAX FREE! WHAT A MOP-UP!
YES, WHAT A MOP-UP!
IN A FLASH SECOND, THE POWER HOUSE PRINCE APPEARS WITH A WHIRLWIND PUNCH . . .
HERE'S SOMETHING... TAX FREE!
WE SHOULD HAVE FINISHED HIM WHEN WE HAD THE CHANCE!
BUT A NEW BLOW IS SWIFTLY UNLEASHED . . .
YOUR DAYS OF CLOVER ARE OVER!
BONG!
BEAT IT!


ANOTHER DEFT MOVE AND ---
NOT SO FAST YOU MIDGET MINIONS!
LIKE YOU SAY IN AMERICANO -- YOU STOPPED 'EM COLD!
HEY!
HELP
HELP!
SOON AFTER..
DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME? ISN'T THAT SUBMARINER?
YES! BUT WHAT'S HE DOING DRIVING A TRUCK?
GENTLEMEN, I PRESENT YOU WITH ---
SMUGGLED PERFUME - AS WELL AS THE GANG RESPONSIBLE! THEY USED THE SCHOOL BOAT FOR THEIR SCHEME! THE MIDGETS POSED AS BOYS AND HID THE PERFUME IN THEIR LUNCH BASKETS!
WE'VE BEEN DOING IT FOR WEEKS! WE KNEW THE SCHOOL BOAT WOULDN'T AROUSE SUSPICION!
THEY'RE ALSO RESPONSIBLE FOR MURDER! THE MURDER OF DON MIGUELA!
WE HAD TO KILL MIGUELA! HE THREATENED TO SQUEAL! THAT ENVELOPE WE SNATCHED IN HIS ROOM GAVE AWAY OUR RACKET!
THAT'S THE COMPLETE CONFESSION! YOU'VE DONE A GREAT JOB, SUBMARINER! WE'LL TAKE THEM TO HEADQUARTERS!
THANKS A MILLION!
I CAN THANK PEDRO AND HIS WATER-GUN! AND NOW ---- I'VE ANOTHER JOB - PILOTING THAT SCHOOL BOAT BACK TO MEXICO! PEDRO, HOW ABOUT BEING MY FIRST MATE?
AYE, AYE, SIGNOR SUB-MARINER!
THE END
12





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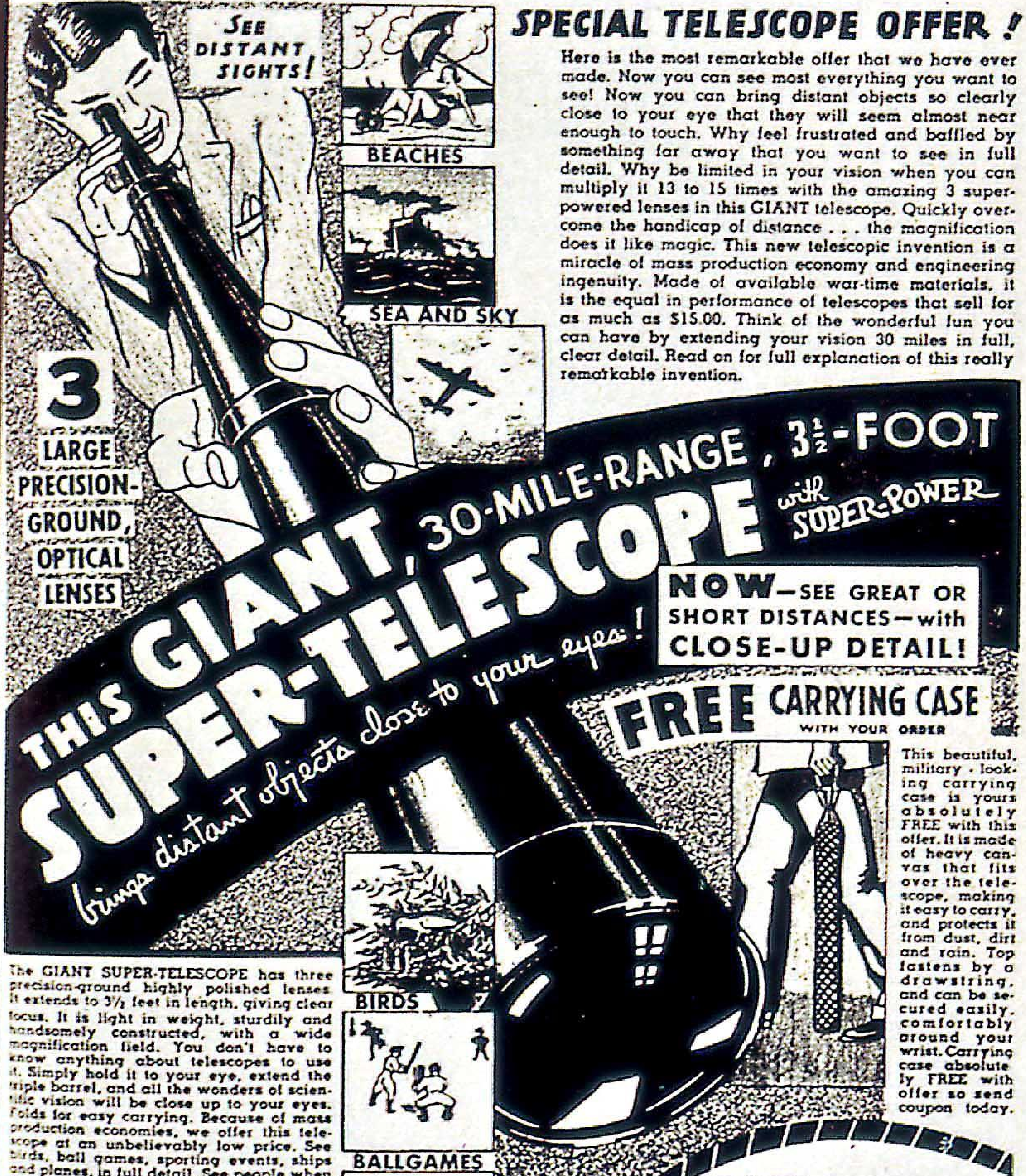

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JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Road, Dept. A-631, Chicago 13, Ill.

Marvelous Help FOR DRY, BRITTLE HAIR

Dry hair is not only hard to manage but a continual source of embarrassment. Why be ashamed of unlovely hair when it may be so easy to make it beautiful, sparkling with new healthy looks, lovely luster. A women's hair is one of the first things noticed by men—sleek, shining, glamorously long hair is always alluring. And men, too, attract admiring attention when their hair lies smooth, thick and neat. **Try Juelene.** See how much more beautiful your hair may be in such a short time, after the dry hair condition has been relieved. Actually make your hair your "crowning glory"! This introductory offer gives you an opportune chance to prove to yourself that you, too, may have sparkling ... longer hair! Be convinced!—Send for your Juelene NOW.

Make This 7-Day Test ...SEND NO MONEY!

JUST MAIL THE CONVENIENT INTRODUCTORY COUPON! Upon arrival of Juelene pay Postman $1.00 plus postage. Or if you prefer, send a remittance with your order—we will pay the postage. Then test Juelene. Notice how much more silky and soft your hair may be in just seven short days. So take advantage of this INTRODUCTORY, GET-ACQUAINTED-OFFER today—NOW, and know at last the happiness of possessing really lovelier hair.

INTRODUCTORY COUPON...

JUEL COMPANY, Dept. A-631
1930 Irving Park Road, Chicago 13, Ill.

Yes, I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

☐ I am enclosing $1.00
☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage

NAME____________________
ADDRESS____________________
CITY__________ZONE______STATE________

☞ **Our Customers Participate in Gifts**

AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Do You Want LONGER HAIR?

MAKE THIS EASY 7-DAY TEST...

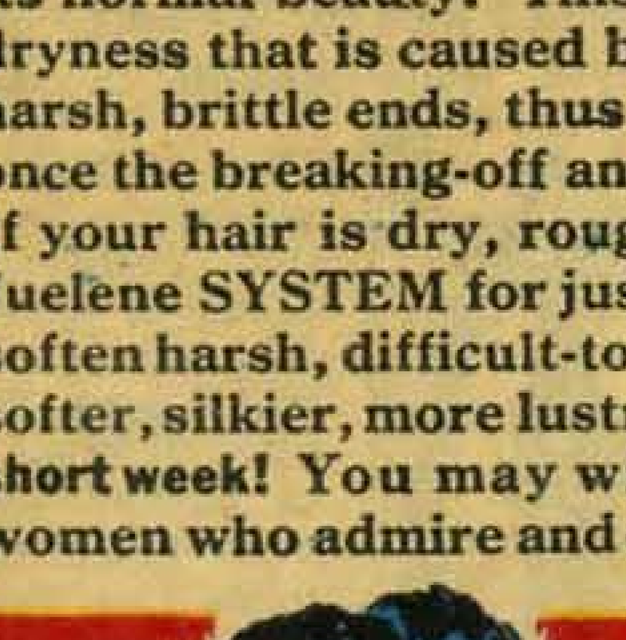
FULLY GUARANTEED

LONGER HAIR
Dresses Better
In Latest Styles

★ ★ ★ THEN TRY THIS PROVEN EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR

. . . Helps Prevent Brittle Ends From Breaking Off!

HERE IS THRILLING NEW HOPE for millions who want their dry, lusterless, unruly, brittle and breaking off hair more lovely . . . **longer.** The Juelene **SYSTEM** has helped men and women all over the nation to find new happiness and confidence in more beautiful, healthy appearing hair. Yes, **hair may get longer**—the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal—if the breaking-off process of dry, brittle ends can be retarded. That's why Juelene is such a natural way to help your hair gain its normal beauty. This wonderful **SYSTEM** helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. It helps soften harsh, brittle ends, thus giving your hair a chance to get longer once the breaking-off and the splitting ends have been curbed. If your hair is dry, rough and hard to keep neat, try the easy Juelene SYSTEM for just 7 days. See if Juelene's tendency to soften harsh, difficult-to-manage hair can help yours to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—**in just one short week!** You may win compliments from both men and women who admire and envy your hair in its new lovely beauty.



TEST JUELENE *FOR 7 DAYS*

Thrilling Results or MONEY BACK IN FULL!

That's all we ask you to do. Just make the convincing Juelene test for 7 days and see for yourself if your brittle, splitting hair can be softened, made more sparkling and lovely. Your mirror will tell you the thrilling results and so will your friends! If you aren't absolutely amazed with the glistening sheen ... if you aren't delighted with the ease in which you can manage your hair, we will refund every cent of your money. What could be fairer? This proves to you how excellent we think the results will be! So don't wait. Mail the coupon right now. And like thousands of others you may find new beauty, be rightfully proud of your hair. You run no risk because you have absolute guarantee of delightful results or your money back. Send for it now!

★ ★ ★ MAIL 7-DAY TRIAL COUPON NOW!

If you do want longer hair, mail the coupon today. Then test Juelene and notice the remarkable difference in the appearance of your hair—lustrous and well-dressed. See how nicely it lies in place, how easily it combs. With our positive guarantee you can't lose, and have everything in your favor to gain. So make this effort now. Send the Introductory Coupon immediately!

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